

LECTION SPECIAL: The mood and style on the Pacific Coast

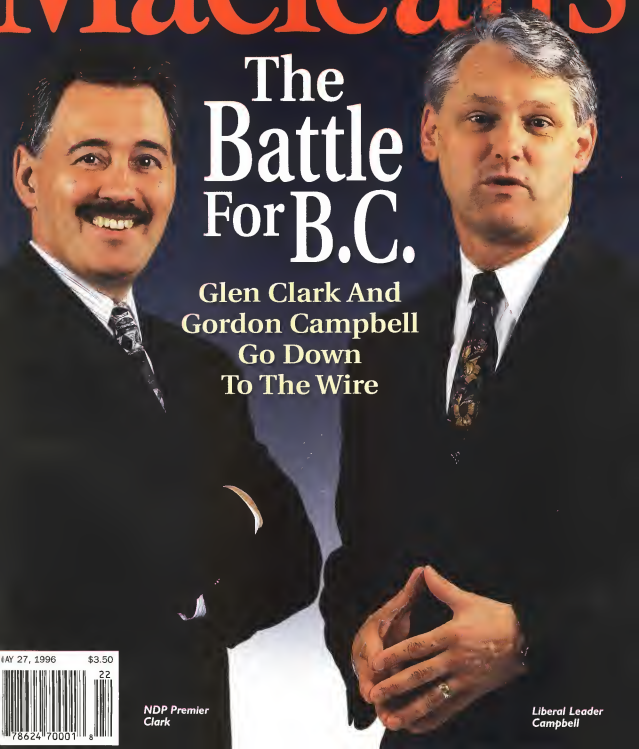
CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

The Battle For B.C.

Glen Clark And
Gordon Campbell
Go Down
To The Wire



MAY 27, 1996 \$3.50



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Clark

Liberal Leader
Campbell

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Maclean's CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE This Week

SEP 27, 1996 VOL. 108 NO. 22

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Cover

20
The battle
for B.C.

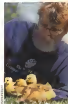
NDP Premier Glen Clark and Liberal Leader Gordon Campbell are locked in a down-to-the-wire fight for the leadership of the fastest growing province. The race features a distinct Pacific Coast style—with strikingly different moods in different areas of the province



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COVER PHOTO BY JAMES HARRIS/REUTERS

From The Editor

The Jean and Lucien show



It was very difficult last week for a Canadian to keep posted on the great national only debate without a cable converter. There they were, Prime Minister "Geste" Chrétien and Quebec "Premier" Lucien Boissonault, duking it out before 30 million viewers on ABC's *Good Morning America*. Dallas' Craig did not on CBC's *Newsnight* that he had named the whole thing because he had been watching CBN. Had he been tuned to ABC, Craig would have seen the Prime Minister telling GMA co-host Charles Gibson that Quebec could not separate with a mere 50-year-contingency note. The next day, he would have watched the Quebec premier telling Gibson incredulously: "I can't believe he said that."

Most Canadians could be forgiven for wondering why two experienced political leaders would air the nation's dirty laundry on what, essentially, was a cheery transatlantic dragsup to boost viewership during the U.S. swing period. But come to think of it, the Chrétien-Boissonault dialogue is worthy of export. The Prime Minister could, for example, cancel the upcoming First Ministers' meeting in June and book the whole gang on Oprah. There, the Prime Minister and the premier could talk y'all and screw in their hearts' content before a studio audience. Next, they could go on the *Jerry Springer* show to explore their relationships with their parents and to discuss how true rules in drug pushers alter their views of the Canadian nation. The possibilities are endless. Here are some other constructive ideas for solving Canada's unity crisis—as the United States.

1) Send Chrétien and the premier to Disney World, where they would be forced to ride through it's a Small World 50 times, making sure they memorized the lyrics.

2) Take the First Ministers on a three-day tour of inner-city New York or South Central Los Angeles, encourage them to reflect on what they're living here to fight about.

3) Bring them down to Florida's Dade County to study the regulations in the United States governing the protection of second languages in 30-second stop retransmissions.

4) Have Chrétien and Boissonault in the TV game show *Jeopardy!*, arrange for Canadian host Alex Trebek to ask questions about Canadian history, the amazing formula and defeat society. Failing any area of agreement, let them go mano a mano in the Extreme Fighting ring before millions of watching pro-viewers on a transborder reserve. The applicant-writer alone would dominate the winner.

5) Arrange bleacher seats for the First Ministers at Yankee Stadium when the Jays are in town, rusty New York City natives will ensure that Indians and separatists stick together in the name of self-preservation.

6) Arrange guest spots for Chrétien and Boissonault on *Baywatch*, cast Jean as a Muscle Beach body who is almost killed in a water-skiing accident, but is saved by Lucien, a diving newbie who has taken for a beautiful *Angie* movie girl played by Canada's own Pamela Lee. Ends with everyone respecting each other's differences, and learning to share.

7) Fly both and Propaganda to Cape Canaveral, give them a tour of the NASA museum. Show them the inside of the space shuttle *Endeavour*, when they're not looking, close door behind them. Launch shuttle, wave goodbye, but happily ever after.

Robert Jensen



Boissonault, Boissonault saving ship treaty to boost U.S. savings

Newsroom Notes:

Back to British Columbia

This week's B.C. cover marks the second time this year that the politics of the Pacific province have dominated that kind of attention. For Vancouver Bureau Chief Chris Wood and Correspondent Scott Steele, the occasion was an opportunity to travel beyond the confines of the Lower Mainland. Wood, an 11-year veteran of

the magazine, took the voters' pulse in the northeastern Peace River country and the southern interior Okanagan Valley. Steele, whose assignment to the B.C. bureau at



Steele: Wood (right): "You can have a different face in different regions"

the beginning of the year reflects Maclean's commitment to expanded coverage of the province, followed Premier Glen Clark to northern Vancouver Island. "You can have a different face in different regions," observed Wood, a former Maritimer who now lives on a boat in Vancouver harbor. Wood and Steele also are responsible for producing Maclean's Chinese edition. The latest issue appears this week.

The cover package is on the Internet at <http://www.cbc.ca/macleans>. Election news in more detail is at <http://www.cbc.ca/va/sep08/BC/index>

At a Moment like this

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Life is full of special moments... why not make yours golden.



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'Empty promises'

THIS is yet another example of the blatant contempt our governing elite show for the taxpayers of this country ("The Shrike endures," *Cover*, May 12). This slip on former deputy prime minister Sheila Copps's promise is costing the Canadian public hundreds of thousands of hard-earned dollars. It's another example of a system that does not work for anyone but the politicians. I am calling on the Commons to pass a law prohibiting anyone who remains a member of Parliament for breach of promise or trust from running again. Then they will have something to live for: their loose lips and empty promises that the rest of us end up paying for.

Lloyd S. Clark
Surrey, B.C.

Like the polls they see, methods that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and Sheila Copps are trying to fool Canadians into thinking she has resigned. At a cost of a half-million dollars to the taxpayer, she is simply taking a break from the heat in Ottawa and going home for a six-week love-in with the voters of Hamilton East.

J. D. Foy
Markham, Ont.

Too many people are trying to keep a game of "dog pile on Sheila" going right now. In the mean-spiritedness of this game, the meaning of the words "public service" seem to be forgotten. We ought to be grateful that people with energy, spirit and ability will take public office. Moreover, we ought to take heart that some of those people are like Sheila Copps, who won't go away without a good fight.

Bill Aggar,
Port Colborne, B.C.

The voter would have to believe first that the solution to false empty promises is to make politicians accountable for those promises. The solution I am proposing is a new political movement of voters who will write their politicians the following: "We, the undersigned, advise you are a great deal responsible for the expensive promises you have made. Therefore, for the sake of future generations, we unequivocally advise you of any requirement to keep your election promises. Furthermore, should you break, on a great deal of trouble, there will be no names taken, but let's find the document if we can. Boyle taught me something that day that you would be wise to consider: leadership and responsibility are not always about being the apparent lead guy. They can sometimes mean picking up the pieces when others have screwed up. With regard to the Somalia affair, I suspect this is exactly what the chief of the defence staff is trying to do: to apply the lessons of this scandal and move on. I believe in the chief, and only because I am fortunate to know enough of his character, but also because I know that to be apparent chief of defence you have to repeatedly prove that you deserve that trust. Were you a bit more objective in your analysis, the citizens of this nation might come to the same conclusion."

Ben G. H. Robinson,
Toronto, Ont.

Wald Reform MP Bob Rignaux, a retired major general, have sent a black soldier to the back of the platoon as he was advancing on an enemy position ("Spilling political blood," *Canada*, May 12).

David S. McGee,
Prince George, B.C.

General trust

The victory of the belief that this media never ceases to amaze. If you think Gen. Jean Boyle is a liar, then why don't you see us ("Who are they trying to fool?" From the Editor, April 15). Back in the ear-

Troubled waters

I followed with interest your articles detailing the disavowment of the Pacific Fisheries T.A. dark day for the B.C. fishing industry," *Canada Notes*, April 28. Some years ago I owned and operated a trailer. Now, I cruise the coastline for pleasure. I would have to say that Ottawa has had no discernible policy regarding the B.C. fishery, unless you can call preferential treatment to the large packers who operate the salmon policy. By making licences unaffordable, thereby disabling boats and shrinking the independent fleet, Ottawa is unwittingly backing up the big operators at the cost of coastal communities and jobs in all sectors. When you hear horror stories about entire clam beds being (illegally) harvested for foreign markets, and when you sit in coastal restaurants beside tables of server crews joking about wiping out entire schools of salmon in restricted or even forbidden runs, then you know to wonder about the federal government's ability to manage and protect what is, after all, a regional industry. Ottawa is, as usual, too far away to listen.

Samuel Taylor,
San Jose del Cabo, Mexico

By 1980s, when Boyle was my squadron commander, a classified document went missing. In an effort to find the file, Boyle ordered his officers and told us that, since he was fairly certain he hadn't lost or misplaced it, perhaps someone else had. He also said that he was prepared to accept responsibility for one of his subordinates having misplaced the document, but as for acting, inappropriately to his role—no way. His point was that someone has caused us a great deal of trouble, there will be no names taken, but let's find the document if we can. Boyle taught me something that day that you would be wise to consider: leadership and responsibility are not always about being the apparent lead guy. They can sometimes mean picking up the pieces when others have screwed up. With regard to the Somalia affair, I suspect this is exactly what the chief of the defence staff is trying to do: to apply the lessons of this scandal and move on. I believe in the chief, and only because I am fortunate to know enough of his character, but also because I know that to be apparent chief of defence you have to repeatedly prove that you deserve that trust. Were you a bit more objective in your analysis, the citizens of this nation might come to the same conclusion.

May M. J. Prudhomme,
Poultice, Va.

introducing

juicy.



Introducing the massively mixable juicy lemon taste of New C.C. Citrus. Squeeze some into cola, Kahla, gingerale, or try it in a totally twisted iced tea.

Copps, going home for a six-week love-in with the voters of Hamilton East.

What an assembly fess you make over Sheila Copps's failure to keep a promise. Let her be the one who has always kept a promise: stand up, be recognized and receive a warmly crown.

George A. Haines,
Chelmsford, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Maclean's welcomes reader letters but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number.

Submissions may appear in Maclean's electronic sites.

WELCOME TO WALLIN'S WORLD.

In the June issue of *Chatelaine*, discover how Pamela Wallin bounced back to the top of *Newsweek* after being dropped by CBC. You'll also find sensational clothes that have a life beyond the weddings you attend (or take part in) and best hair and beauty tips in *Five Weddings* and a *Makeover*.

All in the June issue of *Chatelaine*. Look for it on your newsstand, or call 1-800-268-6812 for the convenience of your own subscription.



Chatelaine. Where Canadian women get it all, together.

An American View



Fred Bruning Trafficking in false hopes and heartbreak

It is an inspired advertising line that taps squarely into the cerebral cortex of every optimistic soul hoping to hit the New York state lottery and cruise down Easy Street in a stretch limo. "Hey, you never know," the slogan boasts and every frustrated, fed-up working stiff hears it echo like thunder as he hunkers to buy a fatal ticket to paradise. Hey, you never know.

Now comes Gov. George Pataki, who, in a moment of civic righteousness, declared the slogan politically incorrect. The state should not be lusting so cloyingly with the lure of more money, said Pataki. "It has always bothered me to build up the prospect of instant riches," he explained. Instead of big bucks, New York should emphasize the commendable purpose of this sweepstakes—to support education. "We are aggressively looking to stress the original purpose of the lottery," the governor said.

Fortunately for Pataki, he did not pursue a career as Madison Avenue. People buy lottery tickets because they want to make a killing and they could care less whether the local high school gets a new science lab or there is enough left in the budget to paint the kindergarten lunchroom. If Pataki is quaking about state involvement in a racket where odds are long enough to reach the moon, if he cares that poor people are spending two cents dollars on a lousy bet, if he worries that his constituents are misled by the gut-billing fever that has the country deced with sweat, then he should do the honest thing and say he wants New York to quit a role more suited to the Mafia and get out of the gambling industry.

No chance of that—how would Pataki compensate for the lost lottery revenue? Nor is it likely that officials will relish the "Hey, you never know" campaign. The chief of the state lottery bureau and the lobby would endorse, along with those irresponsible professional shots of gamblers, yachts and other treasures associated with the lifestyle of the rich and famous. It is a sensible and forthright position if you are going to traffic in false hopes and heartbreak, be as clever and professional as possible. When it comes to the business of separating a sucker from his money, only the very slick survive.

Let's assume, suggest that the New York lottery is just another squalid enterprise of the depressed urban northeast, it should be noted that 36 other states—and, now, even the provincial governments of cultured Canada, too—run similar operations. Americans squander \$25 billion annually on "games" of chance and Las Vegas is now the fastest-growing U.S. city. One of its newest tourist destinations is the year-old Bird Rock Casino, where memorabilia includes a Bob Dylan guitar and a Jim Morrison live shirt. Greater Power Martin said Frank Rich of *The New York*

Times that revenue is far beyond expectations—"out of the ball park." So the States aren't dead, after all. Only the definition of so-called "action" has changed.

A recent bill in the House of Representatives would create a commission to assess the impact of gambling on the nation. But what can a study group say that isn't already obvious? Gambling siphons money from those who least can afford it and, when the state serves as crafter, the arrangement is particularly noxious. No amount of high-toned counseling is apt to stop folks from betting the next money, or legislators from cashing in on booze, truly in an economy where the poor struggle to get by, and middle-class wage earners live in constant fear of redundancy, gambling has an especially powerful lure. Who can resist the promise of free money?

People buy lottery tickets because they want to make a killing and could care less whether the proceeds go to a new science lab

This is a culture that dares itself to lose and dares somebody to strike a match. We are dazzled by money and the people who float it. Rock stars, baroque patches, movie idols, and world-class carpenter houses—we love anybody with a car the length of Rhode Island and a suit equal in value to the down payment on a house. It is no thought of affluence alone has made them wiser, as though Michael Jackson or Marlon Brando uncovered the most elusive secrets of the universe. We seem blase and ignorant of the risks—bliss is the possibility that we will wish too hard for what we can't have and see ourselves falling for falling short.

But if excess augments the little guy, it goddilly soothes the wealthy. Look at the imperial spectacle the Carter crowd made of their life in the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis mansion in Manhattan. No price was too high, no relic of Camelot without its constancy.

Someone bought Jackson's false pearls for \$250,000. A tape measure brought nearly \$75,000. A cigar holder went for well more than half a million. Even Arnold Schwarzenegger had to pay \$1,000,000 for a set of linens. Schwarzenegger is married to JPK's niece, Maria Shriver. When the outsize couple had a hit, 847 million had changed hands.

"The principal thing I find distasteful is the prices being paid," said historian William Manchester, who wrote one of the enduring books about the Kennedys years, *The Death of a President*. "Most Americans don't have this kind of money. Most have a hard-earned and not much left over." Manchester is equally correct. Rich folks had themselves a blast at Sobel's and, in the process, made the rest of us see the pike. If a person pays more than half a million for a cigar box, what does that say about the guy who can't afford a cigar?

But are we all that? Outraged? Ready to scream? We are not. We are at our kitchen tables, hearts beating fast, sweat down our foreheads, eyes blinking between our beds and the lucky numbers published in the daily paper. Move over, Schwarzenegger, we are thinking. Hey, you never know.

Fred Bruning is a writer with *Newsday* in New York.

Opening Notes

Edited by BAYLEIGH WICKENS

Displaying their devotion

Curmudgeon Canadian actress Pamela Anderson (see p. 26) is the victim of a recent kidnapping spree in *Baywatch*-dominated Britain. Life-size cardboard cutouts of the *Baywatch* babe goosebumping her first feature film, *Boys n the Moor*, are being taken down from movie theatres throughout Britain. Cinema managers, claiming they have never seen so many shoppers have put stuff on full security alert. Some theatres have even placed barriers around the shapely star's statue—showing her dressed in skin tight black-leather bodice and pants—is better would be thieves. Still, it should come as no surprise that the thefts are happening in Britain, where 40 per cent of the population watches *Baywatch*. In Canada, *PolyGloss* Canada reports that only a few of the 100 cutouts placed in theatres have been purchased—and those were in British Columbia, her home province. Canadiana, however, may be getting their poster-hunt in a different way. Says Complex creative vice president of marketing and communications Howard Lichtman: "Since we placed Pamela's image on the poster, they have been flying off the shelves."

Spinning synthetic silk

Proud for its strength and lightness, silk has been traded as a luxury commodity for more than 3,000 years. Now, a University of British Columbia researcher is trying to perfect a method for producing synthetic silk by using strands from southern density of silkworms created in *Baywatch*. Working with spiders from British Columbia's forests, Paul Gosselin has isolated seven genes used in silk production. In the next step, he plans to transfer clones of the genes to a yeast cell.

Honorary degrees of distinction

A continuing series of samplings of this year's recipients

Marlene Barrall, chairman and chief executive officer of Montreal-based Bank of Montreal (University of New Brunswick, Fredericton)

Timothy Fiedler, award-winning author—including two Canadian Authors Association Literary Awards—of novels such as *The Piano Man's Daughter* and

The Wren (Memorial University, St. John's, NL)

Kenneth Nash, retired broadcast journalist; best known as the face of the CBC TV news show *The National* from November 1970 to May 1988 (University of Regina)

Buffy Sainte-Marie, Saskatchewan-born Canadian folk singer, native-rights activist and Academy Award-winning songwriter (University of Regina)

Clyde Wells, premier of Newfoundland from 1989 to 1995 (Memorial University, St. John's, NL)

A new 'view' of the Internet

The Internet is a powerful communications tool, but the blind have been unable to take full advantage of it. Now, however, researchers and computer programmers at Concordia University in Montreal are working to change that. Concordia's Centre for Small Business (Olmstead Institute) has developed an Internet site that accepts e-mail queries from small business owners (blind computer users, using text-to-speech software, hear the questions, compile answers and send back text responses). The Web site "All Our Friends Everywhere" (<http://www.cmc.concordia.ca/~smallpages/awef/>) links other resources for the blind on the Internet. Although still in its early stages, the venture, which will eventually be part of a larger effort to integrate the blind into the world of high-tech communications, has been well-received. "I call it information equity," says Carolanne Sacco, a blind Internet user and Concordia graduate. "When you can't see, you don't have access to libraries and other resources. The Internet is changing that. It's going to be a big part of our world."

laine, which could charm out untold quantities of silk proteins. Even though Guerrero, 37, has yet to receive his PhD, his work is being funded by Ottawa—and by Du Pont Canada Inc. and its U.S. parent, Corning. Guerrero's weaving and flexible synthetic silk, some used for such purposes as restraining tires and manufacturing artificial arteries and veins for use in surgery—but probably not for scarves and *Boys n the Moor*. "The traditional producers in the Far East have pretty well cornered that market."

A castle for keeps

The board of trustees of Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., has decided to keep its drawbridge lowered—*for now*. The university's International Study Centre at the 15th-century Herriotts Castle 75 km northwest of London will remain open while the university looks for a sponsor to share the costs. Working *Midwestern* industrialist Alford Reed donated the money for the castle in his home state in 1950, but its operations soon ran up a \$14-million debt. While the trustees have decided not to sell the castle immediately, it may still be under siege. He also vowed to "maintain an open market" as no partner is found by November.



Maybe CBC presenter 'kicker from below'

Talking the talk

Vancouver CBC broadcaster Lister Sinclair, host of talk's *ABC* program, appeared live before an appreciative audience last week. Addressing a success meeting of the Toronto local of the Canadian Media Guild, one of them stated that he sat in a May 24 office deadline at the CBC, Sinclair issued the newspaper's herald of the day: "The hour of the public broadcaster CBC program—'The eleven every one'—are under pressure from government [to] privatize the CBC through the back door," he said. Sinclair, 75, who has negotiated on behalf of both employees and management in past CBC disputes, condemned "the outrageous conduct of yet another live interview." CBC president Pierre Boudreghien accused him of going behind secret negotiations and "dripping in on individuals in their offices" to urge them to accept the CBC offer. The CBC and the unions were to join federal mediators in Ottawa this week in efforts to end a strike that has severely disrupted radio and TV broadcasts, with the exception of French language services in Quebec and New Brunswick.

Canada rediscovered

It was a week for Canadians to blithely shop and appreciate. Suddenly, Canada was hot. ABC's *Good Morning America* happened to be in the country, beaming its live program last week from Victoria, Calgary, Ottawa—where network news anchor Peter Jennings would not only be about his, but the capital, Quebec City and Lacombe, Alberta. *ABC*'s *60 Minutes* was also in the country, beaming its live program last week from Victoria, Calgary, Ottawa—where network news anchor Peter Jennings would not only be about his, but the capital, Quebec City and Lacombe, Alberta. *ABC*'s *60 Minutes* was also in the country, beaming its live program last week from Victoria, Calgary, Ottawa—where network news anchor Peter Jennings would not only be about his, but the capital, Quebec City and Lacombe, Alberta.

Spencer Christmas chatted enthusiastically about everything from cowboys to health care. The *60 Minutes* began in March when New York City-based *Travel & Leisure* published a glowing article about Vancouver, describing it as "the eternally civilized city of the most maligned name somewhere between Asia and Oceania." Then the *James Jones* of *National Geographic* magazine did last week with a 10-page report on Toronto. The article was

| BEST-SELLERS | |
|---|--|
| FICTION | |
| 1. <i>The Ninth Hour</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| 2. <i>The Daid to Pressure</i> , John Leventhal 10 | |
| 3. <i>The Woman Who Walked into Doors</i> , Judith Ross | |
| 4. <i>The Collector</i> , Philip K. Dick 10 | |
| 5. <i>Black House</i> , J. J. Smith 10 | |
| 6. <i>Head of the Class</i> , David Taylor | |
| 7. <i>Cross Country</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| 8. <i>The Golden Compass</i> , Philip K. Dick 10 | |
| 9. <i>Henry Adams</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| 10. <i>Positive Psychology</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| NONFICTION | |
| 1. <i>Simple Answers</i> , Tom R. Smith 10 | |
| 2. <i>Red House</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| 3. <i>In Context</i> , David Taylor | |
| 4. <i>Time and Chance</i> , Jim Campbell 10 | |
| 5. <i>Black House</i> , J. J. Smith 10 | |
| 6. <i>Head of the Class</i> , David Taylor | |
| 7. <i>Simple Answers</i> , Tom R. Smith 10 | |
| 8. <i>Black House</i> , J. J. Smith 10 | |
| 9. <i>Henry Adams</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |
| 10. <i>Positive Psychology</i> , James Bevelly 10 | |

1. *Positive Psychology*, James Bevelly 10

A tale of doomed love

Booker Prize-winning Ben is the latest novel, *Ben*, by James Bevelly, is set in Victoria—the last time—during the post-World War II 1950s. As the title suggests, the story focuses on two doomed loves trying to overcome the obstacles of their families, and the impossible being combined by civil war. It is a most personal and political book to date.



Alison, Landon, Christian in Victoria, enthusiastic chat

recently positive pointers out, for instance, that the streets are still clean, the subway parked, and violent crime rose. Some municipal politicians were demanded an apology from the Washington-based National Geographic Society for quoting the city's fire chief as saying, "The city is a mess." Some municipal politicians were demanded an apology from the Washington-based National Geographic Society for quoting the city's fire chief as saying, "The city is a mess." Some municipal politicians were demanded an apology from the Washington-based National Geographic Society for quoting the city's fire chief as saying, "The city is a mess."

Passages

HARRIED: Actor Melvin Griffith, 36, and actress Bandiera, 35, in a 15-minute civil commitment order where the Spanish actor is living with Bandiera. It is the fourth marriage for Griffith, who twice wed actor Don Johnson—the last time when she was 18 and he was 26—and the second for Bandiera. The couple met 14 months ago.



Working together, Griffith is living a comedy, for Melvin Griffith is in perfect form, Griffith's child, her third, in September

APPOINTED: Joan Fennel, 65, a former school board chairwoman, businessman and chancellor of the University of Alberta, to the Senate, by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. Fennel is an elected Senate member, Liberal Ed Hargrove, who died earlier this month.

DRIDDER: Bad boy Cleveland Lindan Albert Sells, 29, to undergo multiple psychological counselling or face suspension, by American League president Bill Dele. The steroid-doped player's action follows an incident before a game last month when the star threw a ball at a news photographer. As a result of previous incidents, Sells has been fined \$68,000 and suspended for seven games. Hours after learning of the counselling order, Sells hit two home runs.

SETTLED: A 30-month dispute over the \$1.6-billion will of tobacco heiress Doris Duke, who died of a heart attack at 81 in 1993, in New York City. The money will go to the estate of one of the world's top 12 richest charitable foundations. As part of the settlement, Duke's high-speed helicopter and companion *Bonny Lafferty* 61, will receive \$6.2 million.

DRIVEN: U.S. Indy-car driver Scott Brayton, 37, when he was out of control and slammed into a wall at more than 300 km/h on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway during a practice round for this week's Indianapolis 500. With 14 starts in the 500 and more than 150 Indy miles overall, Brayton was the most experienced driver in the lineup for this year's classic race.

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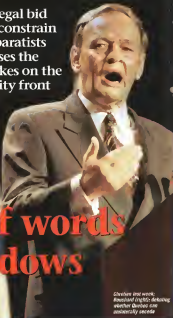
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BY BARRY CAHILL

In the courtroom of the top-floor atrium of Quebec City's abandoned Palais de Justice, the atmosphere is tense, almost as peaceful. Amidst all the blood wood and beige carpeting, there are only two splashes of brighter color. On the bench, Quebec Superior Court Justice Robert Péliveau wears the black-and-scarlet robes of his office while, facing him at the plaintiff's table, lawyer Guy Bertrand is dressed in an impeccably tailored suit that is a shade darker than emerald green. Throughout the entire morning, there is only one moment of drama. It occurs when René Frenette, lead lawyer in a team of eight representing the Quebec government, splits a glass of water over the led to be has been reading—an extremely detailed patch of documents of the three justices of constitutionality of law regarding Newfoundland. "Given I'm here," Bertrand murmurs in an aside during the mid-afternoon of anxiety prompted by Frenette's spilled glass. "It's probably a little hard to believe that what's happening is here in the case of all that excitement on (over)?"

It was, indeed. Nevertheless, those dry, de-throne legal proceedings inside Quebec Superior Court last week did ignite a white-hot war of words among the usual cast of characters in the country's never-ending

A legal bid to constrain separatists raises the stakes on the unity front



Christien last week: Beuchard (right) defying whether Quebec can unilaterally secede

A war of words and shadows

national unity melodrama. At immediate issue in this latest episode was the application by Quebec City lawyer and now-legendary political maverick Bertrand for a permanent injunction to prevent any future Quebec referendums on sovereignty that would allow the province to unilaterally declare independence from Canada. In a broader context, however, there was another reason for the battles. It involved a perception—probably correct—by Quebec's leadership that the federal government is skinninghorns, moving towards defining in legal terms the rules of engagement for the next referendum.

Whatever the causes, last week's rhetorical wars were largely waged in the fashion that has become traditional—by means of antagonized news conferences and disorganized media scrums, on the floor of the House of Commons in Ottawa and the national assembly in Quebec City. In one new twist, however, this time the leading contestants managed to draw the United States into the fray as both Prime Minister Jim Chrétien and Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard won the opportunity to state their respective cases before a live television audience of 30 million, probably baffled, Americans. Neither Chrétien nor Bouchard wanted the chance

The Prime Minister, hinting at a new and untested approach to Quebec separatists, told ABC television's *Good Morning America* on Wednesday that the province could leave Canada only "with a clear mandate, not with a 50 (per cent) plus one vote." "I can't believe he said that," Quebec's premier replied the following day on the same program, going on to display either a deliberate ignorance or a blithe unawareness of U.S. constitutional voting procedures—requiring a two-thirds majority in Congress—by adding, "All over the world, democracy is 50 per cent plus something."

Old careers, Bouchard complained later that only "total democracy" in the Chrétien government could have prompted the Prime Minister to utter such "total" remarks, in front of an American audience yet. On the evidence, however, it was not at all clear whether the disarray lay at Chrétien's doorstep or Bouchard's. It was certainly Bouchard's government that first escalated the

Bertrand case by sending a platoon of lawyers plus a constitutional expert in an attempt to have the application for an injunction thrown out of court on the grounds that Canadian law—and the Canadian Constitution—have no bearing on Quebec's rights to independence. And once again, it was Bouchard's government that reacted with unrestrained fury when Ottawa, reacting to Quebec's legal position, chose to jump into the court action last week. "When the attorney general of Quebec states today that the secession of Quebec is sovereignty is a matter which has nothing to do with our Constitution or the court or the rule of law, I'm afraid we have to take a position," federal Justice Minister Allan Rock declared as he dispatched a three-member team of lawyers to Quebec City to represent Ottawa's interests.

That move will create a fractious chain of events, once again largely initiated by Bouchard and his government. Early last week, the premier summoned his cabinet into an "emergency" session in Montreal amid a swirl of rumors. Bouchard was contemplating a snap provincial election to clear the way for a new referendum. At the very least, the premier would certainly be on the agenda. The upcoming federal-provincial First Ministers' conference scheduled for June 26 to 28 and would, in all probability, undertake a sensitive review of ongoing departmental relationships between Ottawa and Quebec City. But when Bouchard finally emerged from the daylong meeting with his cabinet, he had almost nothing specific to announce. "I believe the Prime Minister is involved in an effort to destabilize my government," he grumbled. There could, however, be no snap election, no support of the Prime Minister's meeting, and no governmental review. The only measure announced was cancellation of a face-to-face encounter between Chrétien and Bouchard tentatively scheduled for early June.

All week long, there were further shuffling manoeuvres, boldly launched, lamely shelved. Bouchard, hoping to send a

strong message to Ottawa over the Bertrand case as well as to quell latest doubts within the Opposition provincial Liberal party, attempted to persuade the cabinet assembly to unanimously endorse a "sovereignty" declaration—with no legal weight—affirming Quebec's right to determine their own future. It failed as a result of a pre-ordained wrangle engineered by the Liberals. In a five-week, less than a day after Chrétien told the House of Commons that the case would never come to court, the cabinet declared independence, the Quebec government's lawyers in the Bertrand case unveiled a surprise in court. They put forward a hitherto unmade argument claiming that Canada's Constitution is invalid because the federal government had never formally adopted French versions of some sections of it. The claim was denied by independent constitutional authorities and, in any case, denied by Ottawa.

There was even a failed veiled attempt to throw doubt on the credibility of the judge in the Bertrand case, Justice Robert Péliveau. Radio-Canada suddenly discovered Péliveau's past, reporting that the judge, a former mayor of the town of Gaspé, had not only succeeded as an unsuccessful bid to win federal office as a Liberal candidate but had also signed up as a member of the local No Communism in Gaspé during the 1980 referendum. That wasn't stated, however, when Péliveau cheerfully acknowledged his past Liberal connections, vowed they played no role in his independence as a judge, invited the lawyers in the case to register any objections and, via a news conference, announced his intention to proceed.

Behind all of the maneuvering by the Quebec authorities was a genuine concern that the federal government might be engaged in the opening round of a new, tough legal play towards Quebec—the unrelated program sometimes referred to as Plan B. Certainly, much of the noise emanating from Ottawa last week did seem to signal a more muscular approach. Chrétien's message has been mixed, signaling as he did on both U.S. television and in the Commons that the government might be willing to negotiate Quebec's secession, but only if the vote in favor is decisively more than a simple majority. But the Prime Minister, once again in the House, indicated, as well, that his government may seek to influence the phrasing of future referendum questions. "I want to see the government of Quebec respect the Quebec people by putting a clear, honest question, acceptable to everybody," Chrétien told the Commons late last week.

For Quebec's separatists, these were fighting words. "Political terrorism," said back Quebec Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Jacques Boissard. "Mr. Chrétien likes to play the despot and say he'll come to Quebec and interfere in the process, decide the question, increase the voting level, permit secession," Boissard told the Quebec legislature. "I think we have to say again, this sort of way it will happen." Bouchard, too, betrayed to hint that he was preparing soon to abandon the belittled rhetoric sparked by the Bertrand case. In fact, the Quebec premier suggested that more maneuvers might be coming in court. "This is the kind of catch Ottawa expects itself to win when they transform a political problem into a political one," he said.

On that score, Bouchard may be in for a surprise. Bertrand, ever the maverick, unveiled some tactics of his own in the event of a unilateral Quebec declaration of independence, he said. Quebecers who wished to remain in Canada could launch a class-action suit because their rights had been violated. "If there is someone someone has to pay damages," he said. "What is the price? I think it's at least \$300,000 for every Canadian (who lives in Quebec)." Bertrand also announced his intention to subpoena the Quebec premier and his predecessor, Jacques Fournier. If that comes to pass, proceedings in the courtroom on the top floor of the Palais de Justice might suddenly become much more gripping.

With ALAN COOPER, in Quebec City

Taking on separatism

Lawyer Guy Bertrand is in the eye of the storm

Frasquenet is the adjective most often used to describe Guy Bertrand. It's accurate enough, for there is something a little longer than life about the 58-year-old Quebec City lawyer and perennial political gadfly. With dyed black hair, the hawk-nosed profile of a Russian senator and the wardrobe of a Hollywood star, he is the kind of man who can make heads turn, as happened last week when Bertrand, accompanied by his 28-year-old son and legal associate, Jean-François, took a break from court to lunch at the city's trendy Club Aurore. For one brief moment, conversation paused as the crowded restaurant as Bertrand "Mise d'AB" entered. "I suppose it's because I had very strong dates, perhaps a little ahead of their time," he later shrugged while polishing up on a plate of Dijon sausages. "My father always warned me about it. He said it would cause me to lose an unhappy life."

Unhappy or not, Bertrand's life has certainly been tumultuous, particularly of late.

As the prime mover of the court action to legally define Quebec's right to self-determination, he sits in the very eye of the storm currently raging between Ottawa and Quebec City. And while Bertrand shows every sign that he is actually enjoying all the attention, his position is not a comfortable one. He continues to be pilloried in the French-language media, portrayed as an annoying dog at best, a villain at worst. Even his own brother, Robert, a Parti Québécois member of the national assembly, refuses to speak to him. To most separatists, in fact, Bertrand is a pariah to be reviled. For many committed federalists, however, he has become an instant hero, a once-distant separatist who not only glimpsed the error of his ways but also found the courage to act upon his new convictions. And in between those points of view, there exists a large body of opinion that really does not quite know what to make of the family lawyer with the newly discovered faith in Canada.



Bertrand: a newly discovered faith in Canada

If any of this bothers Bertrand, he does not show it. "Why can't I change my mind?" he asks. "Do I have to live with the same ideas I had when I was born?" He pauses over his saucer to direct a shot directly at many of those, led by Quebec

Premier Lucien Bouchard, who are now among his most vocal detractors. "Besides," he adds with a knowing glint, "unlike some others, I've only switched my political views once in the past 25 years." What prompted the change? "I think it all began when the Bloc Québécois was elected as official Opposition in Ottawa," he muses. "I asked myself what other country in the world would permit that, the election of a party dedicated to the country's destruction? It dawned on me then that this might be a democracy worth saving." He claims that the massive outpouring of public sympathy from all across Canada over Bouchard's near-fatal bout with the so-called flesh-eating disease in late 1994 accelerated the process. "I saw that most Canadians reacted to Bouchard's plight as if he were a member of the family," he recalls. "It moved me."

From that point, according to Bertrand, it was only a matter of time before he went from dedicated separatist to equally committed federalist. He describes each step in the transformation in a book he published earlier this month—*Plaisir pour les Québécois* (In the Glittering Delusion). In it, he concludes that as "intellectual, ethnicist, egomaniac" francophone nationalism has led both Quebec and Canada to the brink of ruin. The movement has been orchestrated, he claims, by a privileged "separatist elite," a network of elites in government, the universities, cultural organizations and the media who have combined to wage constant warfare against the Canadian federation. Federalist sympathizers, fearing a francophone backlash, have failed to speak out fearlessly in the country's defence. "It's who there are no free people of the government," says Bertrand with a gesture towards his son, "who are not separatists, or at least supporters of separatism."

Whatever the merits of his argument, Bertrand has had—and continues to have—difficulty convincing Quebecers of his sincerity. A major part of the problem is the man himself. Bertrand was not merely a separatist, he was among the most aggressive of the breed. He helped to found the PQ in 1984, never ran successfully under the party's banners for a seat in the national assembly and, in 1985, mounted a losing bid for the PQ leadership. The late Bloc Québécois once labelled Bertrand an "apostate" in bitter arguments, largely as a result of the latter's repeated attempts to pressure the PQ into unilaterally declaring independence after Ottawa's decision to repatriate Canada's Constitution over Quebec's objections. Likewise, Bertrand points out, faulted him over that issue on the grounds that a unilateral declaration of independence would not only be "illegal and undemocratic but also (apparent)" Bertrand sighs and shakes his head. "And now," he continues, "everybody in the PQ is mad at me for simply doing what Lévesque told me to do in the first place."

Until the federal government decided to

intervene in his case, Bertrand's battle was a lonely one. He stoutly maintains that he had neither advance notice nor any talks with Ottawa on the matter. But he welcomes the boost it may lend to his cause. At the same time, however, he is also bracing for renewed attacks. In a reference to the building in Quebec City where the offices of Bouchard and his key ministers are located, he says, "The Quebecer is trying to destroy my reputation. It's been very hard for me—and for my family."

Still, neither son nor father would rail back the attack. "I thank my father as a victory," says Jean-François. As for the el-

der Bertrand, he claims his change from angry separatist to embattled federalist has brought some unexpected benefits. "It's so refreshing," he marvels. "For the first time in 25 years, I'm now engaged in trying to build harmony rather than cause destruction." He even harbors a hope, albeit slim, that brother Robert will eventually come around to talking to him once again. "He used to be a self-righteous, you know," Bertrand confides. "I convinced him to become a separatist. Maybe I can change his mind again." Maybe he can.

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The Montreal rally: 'hottest'

a national assembly committee to explain his comments. Liberal MNA Lou Furla and Thomas Melnick, who represent two of the ridings with large numbers of rejected No ballots, told Maclean's that Côté, a candidate of former PQ premier René Lévesque, had weakened his own credibility. "We are questioning Côté's neutrality," said Furla. The chief electoral officer's stand also surprised others. Louis Massicotte, a political scientist at the Université de Montréal, called Côté's comments "an ideological thing to do," adding that it was not Côté's role to pass judgment. "It's not like he's the master of political morality," Massicotte said. "It undermines his impartiality."

Faced with the criticism, Côté refused to alter his views. In an interview with Maclean's, he said he had a responsibility as director of elections to discuss the effects of the referendum campaign irregularities. But, added Massicotte, "I don't think people in English Canada are going to feel guilty." Many Quebecers, he said, are obsessed by the question of electoral spending. "Côté incarnates this philosophy that to spend too much is a crime," he added. "But outside Quebec, the emphasis is on individual liberties and liberty of expression. To spend money is to express oneself—to be least spending, taken to an extreme, is to limit expression."

As tensions flared, a few voices did point out that Côté's investigation had served an important purpose. Chabrier University political scientist Guy Lachapelle, a Yes supporter in the referendum, noted that the report made a strong case for the need to respect electoral law. "There were excesses on both sides," Lachapelle said. "The report shows that each must accept some blame." That blame will now result in charges. On the Yes side, the 18 individuals facing allegations of electoral fraud could be fined up to \$10,000 each, and be banned for five years from voting, holding office or working for a political party. On the No side, the 18 companies and individuals that Côté says he will prosecute, legal proceedings against could face fines of up to \$10,000 if convicted of subsidizing the travel of Montrealers from across the province to the Montreal rally. "The report shows that democracy is a very fragile thing," noted Lachapelle. "And a democracy starts with people respecting the rules of the game."



Côté critic questioned his political impartiality

in Scotia also came under attack. Côté said that the Nova Scotia finance department spent \$83,882 to charter a plane for the event—an allegation that officials in Nova Scotia Premier John Savage's office quickly denied, saying the flight had been paid for by private sources. And although Côté said that no charges would be laid in those two instances, his interpretation of events—and appearing to blame—created a furor.

Côté concluded that the rejected ballots represented only a "blot" on the province's democratic process. (Out of the 106,480 ballots cast in the four ridings, returning officers rejected more than 10,000, a significant number in light of the razor-thin decision won by the No side by only 54,283 votes.) But the utility rule, according to Côté, "unintentionally skewed" the election, because it depended on third-party spending and came far too close to a "one dollar, one vote" system. For democracy to function, added Côté, the system must always be "one dollar, one vote."

Angered by what they viewed as the slanting of the electoral fraud, Quebec Liberals demanded that Côté appear before

LIZ WATKINS/Journal

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Backstage Ottawa The Quebec gridlock

In December of last year, in Lévesque's Bouchard prepared to leave the House of Commons to become premier of Quebec, he asked for and received a private meeting with Jean Chrétien. Until then, the two had never before had a one-on-one conversation. At that point, by several accounts, the Prime Minister referred to a series of personal attacks that Bouchard had made on him, looked him in the eye and said, with a mixture of anger and sadness, "You have hurt me." Since that meeting, Bouchard has noticeably lowered the level of his rhetoric against Ottawa in general, and Chrétien in particular.

Until last week, that is. Now, with the two men thrust into the debate over whether Quebec has a unilateral right to leave Canada, the name-calling and posturing have begun anew. Bouchard spoke of Ottawa trying to make Quebec a "prisoner" of Canada, the Prime Minister, in turn, appeared in a speech to suggest that Quebec had no legal right to secede, and that was that.

Perhaps one reason why the level of rhetoric is so high is that, professionally, the two men think and act so much alike that they are reflexively conservative by nature, and live to lose themselves as much latitude as possible for future attacks. But each provides over a caucus and electorate that are directionless and volatile. As the two leaders talk tough about the terms under which they will secede or could not secede, it masks the fact that they are each taking relatively little action, and playing for time. Bouchard, even as he is denounced as a hardline separatist in the rest of Canada, is suspected of being a crypto-federalist by more than a few members of the Parti Québécois. Chrétien, as often noted as the Great Satan by Quebec nationalists, has been depicted by Reform Leader Preston Manning as too soft on his house province. Both Bouchard and Chrétien needed some reenergizing of their agendas. But in the end of more than a week of warring, the fundamental positions appear unchanged. Chrétien acknowledges that Quebec can secede if it takes a clear

question and receives a clear majority Yes answer, and Bouchard still plans to attend a First Ministers meeting next month.

But while the status quo prevails on those fronts, last week was a reminder of how everything else has changed in recent years. Bouchard and Chrétien and the rest of Canada. Both sides look at each other through a narrow prism of Us against Them. For those who believe that Quebec has the most dynamic political culture in the country, last week offered disheartening evidence to the contrary. The incident on assembly among the province's influential elite elites over any presence of real debate. The outcasted standard-bearer of the federalist forces, provincial Liberal Leader Daniel Johnson, cannot even bring himself to acknowledge that the rest of Canada might have any legal right to a say regarding the conditions of the province's dismemberment—that would be to admit "anti-Quebec."

The province's chief electoral officer, Pierre P. Côté, produced a consolidated but convenient report that downplayed the widespread rumormongering with referendum ballots. He concluded, astoundingly, that a greater danger to democracy was posed by conspiracy's subsidizing visits to Quebec by other Canadians. It is better, he said, to attack notes than to try to influence them.

But other Canadians have no reason to feel angry. The warmth that greeted the referendum proponent or could not secede, it masks the fact that they are each taking relatively little action, and playing for time. Bouchard, even as he is denounced as a hardline separatist in the rest of Canada, is suspected of being a crypto-federalist by more than a few members of the Parti Québécois. Chrétien, as often noted as the Great Satan by Quebec nationalists, has been depicted by Reform Leader Preston Manning as too soft on his house province. Both Bouchard and Chrétien needed some reenergizing of their agendas. But in the end of more than a week of warring, the fundamental positions appear unchanged. Chrétien acknowledges that Quebec can secede if it takes a clear

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CANADA

A furor over fraud and illegal spending

Both sides in the unity debate face charges

The report was meant to answer questions about electoral fraud and illegal spending during last fall's Quebec sovereignty referendum campaign. It did just that—but not without spawning another fiery debate over which side should shoulder more of the blame. Released last week by Quebec's chief electoral officer, Pierre P. Côté, the 66-page document summarized the findings of his month-long investigation into the high number of rejected No ballots in four Montreal-area ridings, as well as the financing of the giant federalist rally held in Montreal on Oct. 29. Côté announced that 29 deputy returning officers and two local representatives of the Yes committee would be charged with electoral fraud in the affair of the rejected ballots. But he also said that 18 companies and individuals—nine in Quebec and nine in the rest of Canada—would be charged with spending violations related to the unity rally. That was too much for some Canadian politicians, among them New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna. "All Canadians are somewhat stunned that we are accused to have no role or interest in the future of Canada," he said last week. "To suggest that we have no right to participate or say no is very disturbing."

McKenna's office was among the possible litigants cited in Côté's report, which alleged that one of the premier's aides rented 27 buses—of provincial expense—to transport people to the rally. No

YOUNG OFFENDERS

Toronto police rounded up four youths in connection with the rape of a 15-year-old girl in north Toronto. Two, aged 13 and 15, face charges of sexual assault and forcible confinement while a 16-year-old was released into the care of his mother. Police took the 11-year-old alleged rapist, who they suspected of the actual rape, to a psychiatric institute for testing. They said he was well aware of the fact that the Young Offenders Act does not allow for charges against youths under 12—telling officers he was too young to be brought to justice. In another incident, Toronto police charged a 13-year-old with murdering a 15-year-old by slitting his throat.

'THE ULTIMATE CASE'

Michael Podzwinski, 35, and Lisa Olsen, 32, of Toronto, both crack addicts, were found guilty of second-degree murder in the April 1994 death of their 10-year-old daughter, Sara. The couple, who died of pneumonia resulting from two ruptured lungs, weighed only 10 lb and were suffering from 24 broken bones, including 15 fractured ribs. Crown attorney Lesley Baldwin said it may be the first time in Canada that both parents have been convicted in their child's death. An request will be held into how social agencies handled what Baldwin called "the ultimate case of child abuse."

UI CHANGES APPROVED

Legislation dramatically altering Canada's unemployment insurance program passed the House of Commons by a vote of 120 to 86, with 100 Conservatives and 100 Liberals opposed. The changes will, among other things, slash \$1.7 billion from the program's \$17-billion budget, require recipients to work for longer periods and reduce benefits. The new system is expected to take effect on July 1.

GRAIN EXPORT VICTORY

Minister Iwan David Sewitz, who challenged the Canadian Wheat Board's monopoly on grain exports, was acquitted in provincial court of illegally exporting wheat and barley to the United States without a wheat border permit. The court ruled that the Canadian Act does not require exporters to provide customs with permits. Ottawa moved immediately to close the legal loophole by introducing legislation, prompting a convey of farmers to stage a protest at the border.



Savard, Mulrooney, a charity event, and a new claim of injustice

Ottawa sends regrets

Brian Mulrooney's only public appearance last week was at a gala charity event in Montreal presided over by his wife, Mita, and attended by such local luminaries as popstar Julia Savard. But behind the scenes, the former prime minister's \$25-million bid suit against Ottawa dragged on. Quebec Superior Court Justice André Jodan planned to rule this week on a request by federal lawyers for a delay until next January in filing their

franchise at this point would jeopardize the RCMP's ongoing investigation by, among other things, disclosing the identity of police sources. Gerald Tremblay, the lawyer representing Mulrooney, argued against the delay. Tremblay also said that Stoppard's statements regarding the disclosure of the allegations against Mulrooney left her short of an apology and did not come close to meeting his client's rightful demands.

Caught in the middle

The RCMP said that young children were being used as human shields by a renegade Indian leader in a three-week-old armed stand-off in the Watkins area, 275 km northwest of Winnipeg. "They're sleeping right at the barricade," said Col. Randy Daley of the children involved in a blockades in the Watkins area. The protesters were seeking a written guarantee that they would be allowed to establish their own separate band. Minister of Indian Affairs, Chief Harcourt, said that about 300 other residents of the reserve were forced out of their homes and were lodged at nearby hotels. Last week, the RCMP charged Catcheway and eight of his followers with mischief and intimidation, but did not attempt to serve the protesters with their summonses.



Protesters at Watkins, Man.: human shields

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The Battle For B.C.

BY CHRIS WOOD

Compared with anywhere else in British Columbia—anywhere else in Canada for that matter, to say nothing of the rest of the world—Kelowna does not look hard done by. Set in the lush greenery of the fertile Okanagan Valley 270 km east of Vancouver, the city's prosperity is unmistakable. Clean, well-kept streets bustle with traffic. Large, comfortable houses line leafy tree streets. Beyond the city limits, expanding subdivisions rub shoulders with established orchards as well as new shopping centres, theme attractions and amusement parks, evidence of the Okanagan's appeal to visitors and new settlers alike. All of which surely adds to the discontent one in South Hawkins explains her reasons for running as the Liberal candidate in Okanagan West, an area once held by the legendary Social Credit premier W. A. C. Bennett. A personable former nurse who recently received her law degree, Hawkins insists that she is motivated by despair, both for her city and her province. "We have been devastated," she says, "by 4 1/2 years of NDP rule."

Devastation, in fact, is hard for an outsider to spot in Kelowna. Hyperbole, on the other hand, is as simple as supply—demand everywhere else in British Columbia, as the province entered the last full week of campaigning before a May 26 general election. And while other Canadians might envy Kelowna's early spring, radiant prosperity and leisurely relaxed lifestyle, South Hawkins is not alone in feeling that things are amiss in paradise. Unprecedented rapid growth over more than a decade in British Co-

Liberal Gordon Campbell and the NDP's Glen Clark go down to the wire

Campbell Clark (right) visits voters late this election into a home race.



Vancouver's skyline early spring, and a radiant prosperity

lombia has strained government's ability to keep pace with the demand for new roads, new schools and new hospitals. At the same time, personal taxes and the provincial debt have both soared under the New Democrats, to levels that many find alarming. With that clearly on voters' minds, how to balance the requirements of future growth against the limits of taxpayer patience has become the central issue in a campaign that last week turned suddenly and unexpectedly into a horse race.

For more than 500 candidates running under at least a dozen party banners for the 75 seats in the B.C. legislature, that development was just the latest hitch in what for analysts has been an emotional roller-coaster ride. As recently as last fall, Hawkins's Liberals, behind leader Gordon Campbell, looked as the top of opinion polls, enjoying a 50-point lead over the second-placed NDP government of then-Premier Mike Harcourt. But, much of the public's hostility towards the ruling socialists vanished with Harcourt's surprise resignation in November. And by the time his successor, former employment minister Glen Clark (who won his party's leadership in February), dissolved the legislature last month, the NDP had pulled back into the lead—by as much as 10 percentage points according to several soundings.

Two new polls last week, however, suggested that Campbell's Liberals had pulled even once again. Sixteen surveys conducted since early May by Vancouver's MarkCarroll Research Inc. and the Angus Reid Group Inc. found the New Democrats virtually at par with the Liberals at about 40 per cent in decided voter support. The Reform Party of British Columbia, whose leader is former Social Credit minister Jack Wingo, trailed badly with under 15 per cent support. At that, Reform was doing better than either the remnants of the once-powerful Social Credit party now led by West Vancouver businessman Larry Gillanders or the Progressive Democratic Alliance, the splinter party created in 2003 by former Liberal leader Gordon Wilson and MLA Jack Tyshak, after the couple's heated rift prompted a revolt in the Liberal caucus. At under four per cent, splinter party's support could be disregarded from the margin of error in the latest polls.

Still, the evidence of a volatile electorate and an increasingly tight race served to heighten the pressure on all five party leaders as they entered a Vancouver studio last Thursday for the campaign's only televised leaders' debate. For Clark and Campbell, it offered a critical opportunity to break the apparent deadlock. For the other three leaders,

PHOTO BY CHRIS WOOD

the debate provided perhaps the only opportunity to turn voters' scattered mood into an against-the-odds partisan advantage.

In the event, however, none of the five leaders found the broadsheet he had sought. Instead, the closely argued 90-minute debate provided little more than a replay of the competing parties' main themes. Echoing the strong speech that he has given several times a day since the start of the campaign, Campbell claimed that under the New Democrats, "government is taking more and more out of our pockets and giving us less and less in return." By contrast, he promised B.C. voters that a Liberal government would deliver "more jobs and more money in your pocket." Clark, too, repeated an attack he has levelled daily since the start of the campaign, accusing Campbell of plotting savage cuts to social programs in order to give his voters the wealthy and lower corporations. "Watch leader," Clark asked voters to consider, "will consistently be on your side to build this province and build hope for the future?"

The answer that the remaining three party leaders in the studio tried to deliver to voters was, "None of the above." Winger, working to capitalize on polls indicating that many voters consider him more credible than either Clark or Campbell, asked voters to give their vote to the leader they most trust. Wilson, whose grudge against Campbell for taking over the Liberals remains almost palpable, urged voters to rely in his new Alliance as support of what he promised would be a "quiet revolution" marked by dramatic tax reforms. Gillies, looking for votes in the very much the weaker than he claimed to be, based his appeal on a call for more law and order and the conviction that "we need to elect a few more business people to Victoria and few less professional politicians."

But none of the men left the debate looking leader-like—or satisfied—a knockout blow. Instead, the B.C. election will be fought down to the wire this week in a end-of-the-road battle for support. And falling an unexpected path by one of the front-runners, the trench warfare of the campaign's last week seemed likely to rely on local concerns and British Columbia's traditionally deep and visceral left-right political divide. The Campbell-led Liberals, a political, but not the ground will be the 11 seats in the southern stretch of the province—the region centered on the Okanagan Valley. There, dramatic economic growth has produced a growing shopping list of demands for new infrastructure and government services that many voters see as the area's long-standing distrust of free-spending socialism. Still, the Okanagan's history as a sacred business ground for Liberal provinces to shaggy lower taxes even while increasing funding for such services as health and education.

Once known mainly for its apples, the Okanagan has boomed in the decade since a new highway stretched the time it takes to drive from Vancouver from five hours to just three. Vineyards that support wineries with a growing international reputation have edged aside many for-

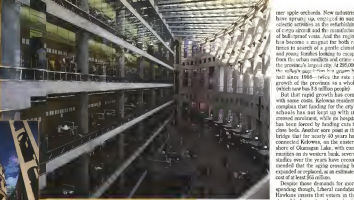
VANCOUVER'S BOLD NEW BUILDING STYLE

In the 1970s and '80s, conservative crews dominated the skyline of many Canadian cities. But in the deregulated 1990s, the building boom has subsided—with one notable exception. In Vancouver, three dramatic projects—the new \$157-million central library, the \$24-million Ford Centre for the Performing Arts and the \$110-million Greater Vancouver Place arena—have created a new era of skyline along the eastern limit of the city's downtown. Together with a newly completed \$250-million expansion at Vancouver International Airport, the projects reflect a region still confidently building for the future.

Architecturally, the most striking project is Library Square, which opened in May 1995. Designed by Boston-based architect Moshe Safdie, best-known for his debt to Expo 67 and the Habitat 67 in Ottawa, the new library is surrounded on three sides by a free-standing elliptical colonnaded wall that bears a striking resemblance to Rome's famed Colosseum. Taking up an entire city block, the building is about six times the size of the library it replaced and houses more than six million books.

From the study carrels on the west side of Library Square, patrons can now another Safdie creation: the 1,849-seat Ford Centre, which opened in November. Among its striking features are its iconic fan-shaped auditorium, which allows for excellent sight lines from all vantage points, and a seven-story mirrored wall and swinging marbled staircase that link the theatre's three levels. Like its counterpart in North Bay, Ont., Vancouver's Ford Centre is a showcase for the technologies produced by its developer, Livent Inc., headed by Garth Drabinsky.

Three blocks east of Library Square and the Ford Centre sits a more sporting palace. The 30,000-seat GM Place arena, which has September 6 home to the Vancouver Canucks and the National Basketball Association's Grizzlies, while doubling as a popular concert hall. It is also a showcase for technology in the way of the proper sections are able to order their food from concession without leaving their seats, using computer keypads. Perhaps the most ambitious project is the expanded Vancouver International Airport, which includes a \$250-million terminal. The 125,000-sq-ft terminal opened to U.S. passengers on May 1 and will welcome other international travellers starting on June 1. The expansion reflects Vancouver's growing clout as a gateway to the Pacific Rim as well as a dramatic increase in air traffic to and from the United States. And it is yet another sign that British Columbia's Lower Mainland is bang high



Interior of Library Square, interior (top right) costs that a million books



Inside the new \$250-million terminal at Vancouver International Airport: the sweeping marble staircase at the Ford Centre theatre (right) is a sign of the city's growing international clout as a North American gateway to the Pacific Rim, and an impressive new showcase for mega-megacities



fact "went less governing" than "went less governing." Even if that is true, however, it is not certain that Okanagan voters will choose Hawkins, who moved to Kelowna five years ago to deliver the message to voters. In 1993, the same area elected federal Reform candidate Werner Schindt as its member of Parliament, and several of Schindt's former supporters are now working to elect MLAs for Winger's similarly named, if formally unassociated, Reform Party of British Columbia.

A wild card in the local political mix is Tysh, who represents Okanagan East in the legislature. A lifetime MLA when she was elected, along with 38 other Liberals, in 1991, Tysh broke with the party two years later to remain at Wilson's side. Now seeking reelection as a member of his Alliance party, the reformer says that her husband's divorce from her previous husband—and subsequent marriage to Wilson—have brought her "sincerely." For some people, it is an issue. "But I think my record in terms of service is strong." And indeed, local observers say that Tysh's strong support for her constituency, an impression confirmed when the 31-year-old politician won a surprising door-to-door day last week, "Don't waste your time with me," Tysh told at the first house where she called, "you're going to get two votes here in any case." Enraged householder Carmen Zvolner after Tysh moved on. "If you have any problems, you just write to me or talk to her. She'll work it all out for you."

If the Okanagan, apart from Tysh's seat, is a swing territory for Campbell's Liberals, Vancouver Island is equally divided. Clark won the NDP the party swept 12 of 13 island seats in 1990. And the region, a haven for retirees on fixed incomes as well as for many back-to-the-land types, remains prominent turf for the NDP. The party can point to a record of reform in logging regulation that has largely defeated the frequent tree snobs between environmentalists and foresters in Clayoquot Sound, on the island's largely rural west coast. Now, as a more designed to win back support from forestry workers—who have faced years with shutdowns in recent months—Clark has announced plans to further cut rights to job creation. "Simply maintaining jobs in the industry isn't good enough for me," Clark said during a campaign swing through the north half of



GM Place: a sporting palace, a showcase for technology

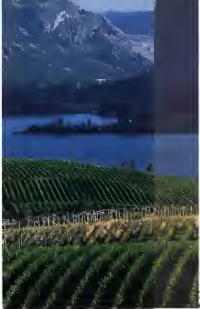
BYRON BURGUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES TILLEY

the Island. "We want more jobs." In fact, Clark has said he expects forest companies to create 21,000 new jobs in the next five years—or face the loss of cutting rights. At the same time, the NDP has promised to reinvest \$400 million a year, collected from stumpage fees, in reforestation, under a program called Forest Renewal B.C. initiated under former leader Harcourt.

Nowhere is that strategy under closer scrutiny than in the riding of North Island. There, NDP candidate Glenn Robertson, a logger with pro-environmental leanings, is facing off against Liberal Gerry Parney, the popular mayor of Port McNell for the past 21 years. A longtime critic of NDP forest policy, Parney has attracted many woods workers to his cause with the argument that "we need real jobs, productive jobs, not make-work jobs." In addition, Parney accuses the NDP of giving into the hands of environmentalists with its reliance—a charge that Clark went out of his way to deny last week. He vowed to counter what he called a "demonization" campaign by a California-based group of logging opponents whose full-page ads in U.S. newspapers carry endorsements from such celebrities as Tom Cruise and Harrison Ford.

The heavy overcast weather that shrouded the Lower Mainland through much of the week gave way to bariolous conditions still in the Peace River region, 490 km due north of Vancouver. It felt milder rather like a step back in time—at least as far back as winter. While the southern city basked in the floral splendor of rhododendron season, snow fell on the rolling hills and aspen forests that extend from the northern Alberta granite deep into the western British Columbia. Sparsely populated and still run with unpaved roads and the restless feeling of a frontier, the Peace River country is a place apart, even in a province that often seems remote from the rest of Canada. With an economy based on forestry, ranching, and oil and gas exploration, and closer ties to neighboring Alberta than to the distant south, "the relationship between the Peace River and the rest of the province," suggests



Shaggy vineyard legislature in Victoria (left) is feeling that things are a bit in paradise as rapid growth brings new storms



Ian Forsyth, who manages a cultural centre in Fort St. John, the region's largest town with 15,000 people, "is the centre as the relationship that British Columbia has with the rest of the country. We're on the other side of the mountain, we're treated like a cash cow, unappreciated and forgotten."

By some perhaps, but not by Waplesberg's Reform party. The Peace Riverer where it must win if it is to win anywhere. In 1991, the region sent two Reformers to Victoria—Waplesberg, representing Peace River South, and Richard Neudick, representing the region's northwestern section. When Social Credit collapsed in the wake of the party's massive defeat at that election, however, both men bolted to Reform. "They now face a stiff challenge to retain those seats."

The nation's brother ethic of rugged individualism makes the area's strong ground for the NDP. The New Democrat tax on corpo-

an identical analysis, Campbell and his candidate repeatedly hammer home the warning that voters who do not want to see a second NDP term should cast their ballots for the Liberals. "Remember," Campbell declares at least once during virtually every campaign stop in the interior, "a vote for Reform is a vote for the NDP."

Still, it is in the Lower Mainland, in Vancouver and its surrounding suburbs, that the decisive battle will be fought this week. More than half the available seats—58 in all—lie within the limits of the city itself or those of bedroom communities like Langley, Surrey and Richmond, which spread east along the banks of the Fraser River and south to the U.S. border. It is there, where the lion's share of the 600,000 new residents come to British Columbia each year, that the central issue in the election—finding the right balance between open government spending and meeting the needs of growing communities—strikes home with the greatest force.

Here, too, there are local issues not widely shared in the rest

Some B.C. areas feel ignored—just as the province does by Canada

ree capital is especially lambasted there, where companies surviving the oilpatch must fight for business against competitors based in Alberta, which has neither a corporate capital tax nor a sales tax. Also viewed with deep suspicion in the north is an NDP initiative to resolve the long-standing land claims of B.C. natives, which many non-native residents fear will establish special rights for aboriginal people.

At the same time, Campbell's Liberal program, tailored to appeal to northern voters, has struck more war notes in the Peace River area. Campbell has vowed to reduce the number of seats in the legislature—a step that may be more widely slash the region's political representation. In addition, Campbell is counting on the sale of provincially owned B.C. Rail for \$2 billion to make his new financial projections work out. In the Peace River country, however, the Crown rail line is an economic mainstay. Notes Neudick: "We need B.C. Rail to move our sulphur, our wood, our grain out to markets. I don't know what we'd do if we didn't have a railroad." Indeed, neither does local Liberal candidate Des Roushon, so popular that he has party's plan to privatize the railroad that Roushon has publicly disavowed it.

Reform's performance in its northern heartlands—as well as in the rest of the B.C. interior—will be closely watched by both parties at the head of the parade. In a province that historically has elected the NDP only when the right-of-center so-called free-market note, long dominated by Social Credit, has splintered, Clark's strategy says that Reform and Wilson's NDP will need enough support from the Liberals in May 28 to deliver victory to them. Reflecting



Trials only marginal support for splinter party

of the province—most notably the question of public safety. While statistics may indicate that violent crime is on the decline in Canada, that is not how many residents at Greater Vancouver see it. To the contrary, voters were reminded last week of a particularly gruesome shooting spree that took place two years ago in the political backyard of NDP's premier, several Vigil Demonstrations, assaults about and killed two brothers also named Douglas (no relation to the politician) in what police described as a gangland rivalry. Last week, prosecutors charged a woman who served on the jury that acquitted a man accused of the murders of interlocking with justice by having an affair with the defendant during the trial. All parties rushed to pressure to bend up the region's police forces.

Like Kelowna's demands for a new bridge, however, hopes for additional transfers of money from the next government's ability to pay for them. And, as with many of the other promises that the leading candidates have made so far, critics feared much to dole in the draft economic plans that both the Liberals and the NDP have put forward as consequences of their platforms. Both plans promise to rebuke the NDP focus in the coming less than \$80,000, the Liberals propose a deeper cut across the board (noting that in practice about two-thirds of the foregone revenue will stay in the hands of those wanting more than \$10,000 a year). Both also

while preserving funds for health, education and public safety.

The similarity in the targets set by the two plans points up a central irony in British Columbia's assembly to the polls. Despite the plethora of parties pursuing their support, voters have little real choice about their province's direction. Like all other governments in Canada, British Columbia's must do more with less. The only question remaining for voters is which leader, and which party, is best equipped to make the difficult decisions that will be required.

With a week of campaigning still ahead, many voters plainly had yet to make up their minds on the matter. In Waplesberg's Peace River riding, a large NDP campaign sign stood alongside the New South Highway that its presence in lower valley Ian Scheraga's yard indicated little about how she intended to vote. Union co-leader of Scheraga's husband, a carpenter, placed the sign there. But the lively former Montrealer admitted that she has reservations about all the parties, and their leaders. "I look at them," Scheraga said, "and none of them looks trustworthy." Still, it is an election to determine which party's program will best preserve British Columbia's economic vitality. Scheraga's husband, in his papers, the decision will come down, finally, to exactly that: a question of trust.

With SCOTT STEELE in Campbell River, B.C.



Campbell making music on the campaign trail in a "conservative Liberal"

They grew up in the same city, but their worlds are miles apart. In fact, their formative years were spent on opposite sides of the tracks: NDP Premier Glen Clark is a product of the working-class Rosewood Heights neighborhood in Vancouver's gritty East End, while Liberal Leader Gordon Campbell was raised in the upper-middle-class community of Point Grey in the easy West Side. Clark, a 38-year-old former union organizer and finance and employment minister, has close ties to labor. Campbell, a 44-year-old sometime real estate developer and popular three-term Vancouver mayor, enjoys broad support in the business community. "From the very beginning," says Norman Raff, an expert on B.C. politics at the University of Victoria, "it was clear that the two big undercurrents of this election campaign were going to be East End boy versus West End boy. But despite their apparent differences, the two politicians share some striking similarities. Both are workaholics, say associates, whose driving

East End vs. West Side

Two Vancouver boys face off in a heated contest of class and styles

ambition sometimes gives way to impetuosity. Both pursued other careers—Clark as organized labor and Campbell in business—but that work served mainly as a training ground for their political ambitions. Both have homebased success well above the provincial median, at \$150,000-a-year range. And despite outward appearances, each has known hardship: Clark's father, James, a construction worker and staunch union man, experienced repeated periods of unemployment. Campbell's alcoholic father, Charles, assisted dean of medicine at the University of British Columbia, committed suicide in 1981 when Gordon was 15, leaving his eldest son to help his mother, Peg—who went to work as a secretary—care for his three siblings. His family may have appeared wealthy, Campbell admits, but in reality they were not.

With both men enjoying fairly solid support on their respective sides of British Columbia's traditional left-right divide, they have waged a battle to capture what may well prove the deciding factor in the May 18 election: the electorate's middle ground. That has involved struggling to reshape their enormous public images, while attacking their opponents' policies. Clark, whose campaign slogan is "On your side," has tried to characterize Campbell as a slick-and-burn corporate raider, recently comparing him to Ontario's Mike Harris and Alberta's Ralph Klein. Campbell's proposals to cut government spending deeply, while reducing corporate taxes and slashing personal income rates by 10 per cent, says Clark, threaten a quality of life that has fueled the province's economic prosperity by attracting immigration and investment.

skills training and education, resource development and infrastructure megaprojects, such as improved rapid transit. "It would be foolhardy to cut taxes, cut spending and reduce our quality of life, whereas that is the very thing that makes us competitive in the first place," Clark told Manning's last week. "I have tried to give people a sense of vision and hope for the future, to let them know that we don't have to top everything down that we have built up in this country for the last 50 years." He added: "There are chances that are more in keeping with our Canadian values, which suggest we can continue to grow our standard of living while still maintaining competitive."

Campbell, however, is unapologetic about his economic plan. He says that Clark's policies mean only one thing: soaring debt. A self-described "conservative Liberal," he is committed to cutting 4,400 jobs from the B.C. civil service—twice the number proposed by Clark—eliminating "gold-plated" MLA pensions, and selling off Crown corporations to pay down the provincial debt, which has ballooned to more than \$26 billion. He has passed Clark 46 on old-style "tax, borrow and spend" account, who, as a former minister in the early 1990s, raised taxes by about \$1.5 billion—29 times in 23 months—and boosted the provincial debt by 38 per cent. "The NDP doesn't realize that just because you have

changes in the cheque book, it doesn't necessarily mean you have money in the bank," he says.

But campaign rhetoric aside, Clark's style has clearly resonated with the electorate. With his party trailing the Liberals by more than 30 points last spring, Clark, who replaced exiled Premier Mike Harcourt in February, has managed to give B.C. voters a real horse race. With the Liberals and NDP neck-and-neck in public opinion polls last week, the new premier, who all along has claimed that he is the underdog, is personally much more popular than Campbell.

An Angus Reid poll conducted by The Vancouver Sun and BCTV and released last week, showed that 32 per cent of respondents picked Clark as the politician who would make the best premier, compared with only 15 per cent who chose Campbell. That, says observers, is the result of a shrewd—and aggressive—NDP strategy. "Ordinarily, campaigns are fought around noncontroversial or a government's record," says Raff. "That is one of those circumstances where there has been more at issue placed on the official Opposition's policy positions than on the government's." He adds: "Clark is someone who has enormous self-confidence. People sense that confidence and they return that confidence. Campbell, on the other hand, appears uncomfortable to people because unconfident usually goes with him."

Throughout the campaign, Clark has appeared energetic and at ease with voters and has demonstrated a keen

awareness of complex issues. Campbell, on the other hand, has often appeared uptight and wooden, especially when resorting to such plays as playing footage on his altar to show he is a regular guy. Former Liberal leader Gordon Wilson, who took the party to tears the Progressive Democratic Alliance after losing its leadership to Campbell in 1993, has called him part of a "small, powerful group of downtown Vancouver businessmen" whose policies are closer to those of the once-ruling Socialists than traditional Liberals. "The Liberals initially positioned themselves too far to the right," says Raff. "They sounded more like Mike Harris clones, and Clark was able to demonstrate there that way."

In the days leading up to the election, the two men clashed in well-attended try-it-on shows up the NDP. Clark will see 15 per cent of voters who remain undecided. Clark will continue to insist that he is the champion of average, working British Columbians. Campbell, meanwhile, is likely to reiterate that a vote for one of the other opposition parties is really a vote for the NDP, whose platform amounts to maintaining the province's future. On the campaign trail, the Liberal leader has recently begun to appear more relaxed, apparently getting his bearings as he realizes that Clark's fiscal record may yet prove to be his Achilles heel. But in the volatile world of B.C. politics, the fight of East versus West last week was one race that seemed decided to end in a photo finish.

Clark: I have tried to give people a sense of vision

SCOTT STERLE in Phoenix

POWER TO THE MEDIA

His opponent, NDP Premier Glen Clark told an audience of 1,000 delegates at last week's convention in Vancouver of the Canadian Liberal Congress, "is an articulate and charming man. It is ideological differences that separate him and I, but we have a huge public following. But enough," concluded Clark, "about Mike." The remark, aimed at the former Social Credit cabinet minister who now heads a popular Vancouver-based radio call-in show, was meant to be as much of a joke as it was a jab. But it shed a revealing light on the wariness with which British Columbia's politicians regard their province's powerful new media.

Relations between press and politicians are often tense, of course, indeed, there can be reason for concern if the relationship becomes too cozy. Still, a growing number of critics are asking out loud what they say is a disproportionate influence wielded by three media outlets over British Columbia's political agenda. In addition to Mark O'Connell station, attention has focused on Vancouver's leading television station BCTV and on the city's private daily *The Vancouver Sun*. The two broadcasters are both owned by Vancouver-based VNC Western International Communications Ltd., the Sun is part of the Southern newspaper chain. Collectively, the three outlets claim a giant share of British Columbia's

news audience. Their daily show, for instance, is syndicated throughout much of the province. With an average audience of 600,000, it is the most-viewed newscast. BCTV commands one of the largest market shares of any metropolitan TV station in North America. And the Sun is the only daily broadsheet distributed provincewide.

The influence of the three is pervasive. "The extraordinary thing," observes Robert Hadden, an associate professor of communication at Simon Fraser University who is researching the media's political role, "is the extent to which they are shaping the political agenda." At one level, Hadden notes, campaigning politicians have altered their schedules to cater to the needs of BCTV. More subtly Hadden believes that by focusing relentlessly on the provincial deficit, the Sun and BCTV in particular have underplayed other public concerns, as expressed repeatedly in opinion polls about the state of government services. As a result, he says, the dominant media threaten to determine "what criteria voters use to make their decisions."

Clark's watershed aide, politicians in British Columbia have been largely silent on the issue of media power in part that may be the result of not wanting to appear to be blaming the messenger for shortcomings in their own campaign. Or it may be a silent acknowledgment of how much power the influential outlets really do wield.

CHRIS WOOD

A shaky grip on power

India's new premier needs friends—fast

There were all the usual trappings of high office in India: doorways bristling with security men and metal detectors, a phalanx of party workers declaiming messages on cellular phones, flowers and banners of India, the round yellow seats that grace any happy local occasion. In a ceremony that lasted only a few minutes, 60-year-old poet-politician Atal Bihari Vajpayee was elevated last week from leader of a once-marginal Hindu nationalist party to prime minister of the world's largest democracy, with almost a billion citizens. And given the party's avowed commitment to a Hindu nationalist identity, the nuclear bomb and a strong defensive posture against neighboring Pakistan, it is a change that could transform Indian politics and make the world's power centres that will depend on whether the new prime minister's Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) manages to shore up support for its minority government before a May 31 deadline, a prospect that is week's end and remained uncertain.

Vajpayee and his 11-member cabinet were sworn in amid the chandelied splendor of Rashtrapati Bhavan, India's presidential palace. On his shoulder the new premier wore a saffron shawl, the holy color of Hinduism that BJP members have appropriated as their own. Outside, jubilant party supporters choked the streets in jeeps festooned with saffron flags and equipped with loudspeakers blaring out praise for Bharat Mata—Mother India.

Vajpayee's triumph, however, may be short-lived. The BJP and its allies command support from only a third of the MP's elected in uncontested general elections earlier this month. Even if they do win a confidence vote by May 31, BJP members will be hard-pressed to balance competing interests in so deeply fractured a parliament. The last tally gave the party and its allies 185 seats in the 545-seat Lok Sabha, the lower house of parliament. Their opponents, the fragmented Congress party and the National Front/Left Hindu coalition, claimed to have 318—though there were no possession of the legitimacy of many small regional parties within the coalition. Strong by President Shankar Datta Sharma's decision to call on the BJP Congress and the Front vowed to bring down the government if the first opportunity. Elections are still pending for six seats, but they are unlikely to tip any balance. The BJP's fate will depend on its ability to win the regional parties, which have emerged as the real kingmakers in parliament. The new defense and parliamentary affairs minister, Prasad Mahajan, long acknowledged as the party's master strategist, insisted he was confident of success. "We will manage it some how," he said.



Vajpayee (left), formerly painted follower celebrates BJP appointment: a new to bring it down

A decade ago, the BJP had only two seats in India's parliament. Its spectacular rise owes much to the religious frenzy provoked by its campaigns to build a temple at Ayodhya in the populous northern state of Uttar Pradesh, where a 16th-century Muslim mosque stood on a site that devout Hindus claim as the birthplace of Hindu, one of their three main deities. Hindu mobs destroyed the Babri mosque in December, 1992, unleashing religious clashes that claimed thousands of lives and created a rift between Hindus and Muslims that may take generations to heal. Hardliners are unsentimental, insisting that the temple must still be built, and that India's Hindu majority needs to reassert itself. Says Lalit Tandon, the BJP's boss in Uttar Pradesh, "Why can't a billion of India, which is traditionally called itself Hinduism, be called a Hindu? Hindu is a nationality of a country, not a religion. Muslims are also citizens of Hindustan, but in the sense of being a nation, they are all Hindus."



minister in a short-lived government at anti-Congress there in the late 1970s, Vajpayee has been billed as a moderate within the BJP. He took over in 1994 after party president L. K. Advani withdrew from the election due to a brutal political campaign sound it. Some still see Advani as the real power, but Vajpayee's pro-temperance to Muslims with signs that the party is trying to cast off a reputation that it is the province of superconservative city dwellers, to India's 120 million Muslims. "There shall be no discrimination on the basis of religion or caste, color or class," he pledged in his first news conference in prime minister's residence. However, the party is still officially committed to building a temple at Ayodhya, despite a court ban. It has also pledged to scrap special status for Kashmir, India's only Muslim-majority state, and to repeal laws defining marriage and inheritance rights for Muslims.

In the past, party activists have urged New Delhi to step up its nuclear program. India exploded a nuclear device at Pokhran in the western desert in 1994. U.S. newspapers reported last November that India was making plans for a second test at Pokhran. The story was taken so seriously that New Delhi had to tell Washington an assurance that it would not conduct a test. While Vajpayee said last week that the BJP favors atomic nuclear disarmament, he showed little tolerance for the efforts by Western powers to keep India out of the nuclear club. "No country should have nuclear weapons," he said. "Those countries with nuclear weapons should listen to us. It, however, nuclear launch got fired up, then for our defense we will take what measures are necessary."

While the BJP may turn out to be "the child-of-war" that Congress claims it is, the business community has decided to give it a chance. The Indian chambers of commerce welcomed the party's rise to power, and said it was confident Vajpayee would continue with the economic reforms introduced five years ago by his defeated Congress rival, P. V. Narasimha Rao. The BJP has said it knows defense investment in infrastructure and high-tech industries, but it has no record of such radicalism, even in the consumer goods sector. One of the party's election slogans was "We want computer chips, not potato chips." Party activists were involved in the agitation against the country's first Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise, which was sacked in January by demonstrators in the high-tech centre of Bangalore. Yet the western states of Maharashtra, where the BJP is part of the governing coalition, and of Gujarat, where the BJP has ruled in its own right, have been the earliest states to open up to investors. While Maharashtra scrapped a \$3.6-billion power project by U.S.-based Enron Development Corp. last summer, it renegotiated the contract in more advantageous terms. Gujarat, which anguished the successful Team Canada deal making trip led by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien in January, promised itself unconcerned by the election's outcome. A Foreign Affairs spokesman said that regardless of who formed the government, "the quest for Hindu economic reform should be mutual."

Canadian officials have had little contact with Vajpayee since he visited while Foreign Minister, that they suggest that, at any case, the new prime minister would have to make major policy sacrifices to keep any party coalition coalition afloat. "Think of it as a referendum," says a senior Canadian official. "It will be a referendum on whether the BJP will have to find some Hindu in parliament—and then they to keep them."

SUZANNE GOLDENBERG is in New Delhi with R. K. RAJIV FOLTON in Ottawa

HUNG PARLIAMENT

| Political Party | Number of Seats |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Bharatiya Janata Party and allies | 195 |
| National Front/Left Front* | 182 |
| Congress party | 136 |
| Independents and others | 24 |
| To be decided later | 8 |
| Total seats | 545 |

*Includes parties claimed as supporters by the coalition but not formally aligned

To Muslims, that thinking tortures language and history. Hindutva was the same bestowed by Hindu rulers centuries ago.

Men such as Tandon were the founders of the BJP—along with the new prime minister. By the time the party emerged in 1980, Vajpayee had already spent the better part of his life in politics. In Grade 9, he was recruited to the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh, the secretive Hindu militant group that laid the groundwork for the 1985 and other Hindu militant groups continue to play a guiding role in the BJP regardless themselves as the conscience of the party.

A bachelor, Vajpayee has lived for decades with the family of a philosophy professor, first on the campus of Delhi University, then in his spacious white colonial bungalow in central Delhi. Officially, he has no hobbies so performing and cooking, and he has a pet cat. But he is also a widely respected Hindi poet who has published several volumes. He is married, too, for his oratory and wit, which enhanced his appeal on the hustings.

Regarded as an able administrator when he served as foreign



Young fighters clash on the streets of Monrovia; young children to draw enemy fire

WORLD LIBERIA

'There is nothing here but death and evil'

A fractured nation descends into brutal anarchy

Chaos. Anarchy. Godlessness. The words describe Liberia, but their meaning carries further than a small West African nation, revealing how human conflict can descend beyond war into utter darkness. Fighters back their enemies to death with spears and machetes. Beheaded corpses lie on the road as 30,000 people carry bodies to the barricaded U.S. Embassy—its flag the only remaining emblem of hope. "There is nothing here but death and evil," said 37-year-old Murrel Keshi last week, waiting for the part to get "anywhere other than here." Her father and brothers have all been killed. Said Keshi, "Our house has burned down for the third time. We are again reminded that no one cares."

Six weeks into the latest round of fighting in a civil war that started in 1989, militia «battles» have swirled. The militia crisis has escalated. Almost all foreign aid workers have left. The country is in the grip of rural warlords and their ill-disciplined followers, looted and virtually abandoned by a shattered outside world. Foreigners observers have compared the chaos to William Golding's chilling 1954 classic *Lord of the Flies*, in which a group of English schoolboys sinks into savagery when stranded on a remote island. The rage is sharpened on the streets of Monrovia, the capital, where teenagers have trained younger boys to act as decoys on the front lines. The children jump and shoot—as if at play—in attack enemy fire-

At sea, meanwhile, cronies on the cargo ship *Bulk Challenge* openly trafficked in donated food packages, selling them at a profit to 1,800 starving Liberian refugees. "We're looking for a banana because, you know, by the name of another guy didn't," *Wages of the Damned*.

The passengers of the *Bulk Challenge*, many sick with dysentery and pneumonia, finally stopped sailing in Ghana last week. That country and Ivory Coast had rejected only turned the ship away—when it was taking on water. "I have gone through hell," said Nigerian captain Roland Padio of the divided journey. More than 350,000 people have fled to Ivory Coast and 15,000 to Ghana in recent years, prompting both countries to impose a no-fly zone policy against further refugees. Padio said he was pressured by West African peacekeepers to take the *Bulk Challenge* on board. As the freighter sailed away from Monrovia's docks, hundreds surged towards the ship, many clambering up its sides.

They were the lucky ones. Thousands more Liberians remained stranded at the port, demanding food from outside warehouses of the UN World Food Program. After spending two weeks with her mother

and two small children alongside a dilapidated Russian cargo ship, Murrel Keshi was still waiting to leave, despite having paid \$500 for their passage.

Inside the city, downgrading battles shared street corners with broken glass and rubble from bombed-out buildings. The number of dead and wounded, some renewed fighting erupted over Easter weekend, has gone unrecorded because United Nations and other international aid groups withdrew their staff during the first few weeks of violence. Businesses and relief agencies lost millions of dollars in vehicles, equipment and goods to looters.

Without uniforms or any semblance of organization, marauding groups have thrived in Monrovia, shooting at random, rarely seen where the rising is. At one point, fighters from the largest faction, Charles Taylor's National Patriotic Front of Liberia (NPFL), came upon a wounded soldier lying in a ditch. The group looted, bayoneted and beheaded the man with machetes before using his life with a few shots from an AK-47.

Elsewhere, an eight-year-old boy repeatedly ran into a street screaming and waving his arms to draw enemy fire while his fellow "soldiers" had around a corner. When his opponents stopped shooting to reload, the boy lay down in the middle of the road so his comrades could fire over his head at their rivals, less than a block away. As his reward for a job well done, the boy was handed a rifle with five rounds, which he quickly fired. "More ammo, more ammo!" the boy begged as soon as the gun was empty. The child began to cry and grabbed at their weapons. But the others just laughed and pushed the boy aside.

While most fighters in Liberia's various factions are men in their late teens and early 20s, the presence of younger children

has been a constant. Forces overrunning small villages conscript anyone able to carry a gun or supplies. Charles Taylor, who started the war by invading from neighboring Ivory Coast on Christmas Eve, 1989, has been strongly criticized by UNICEF for his use of "armed boys units," groups of child soldiers between the ages of 8 and 14. These boys, fitured to be treated as adults, are often deployed as primary attack forces, prized for their speed and agility while moving through the bush.

Such abuses are hardly new to Liberia at



for six years of a war that has claimed more than 150,000 lives and destroyed the economy. Still, the latest crisis surprised Liberians and foreign observers alike. Many had hoped that a peace accord signed last August in Abuja, Nigeria, would finally put the country on the road to peace. The Abuja agreement, 50% in a long line of accords, set up a transitional government composed of the country's main warlords. It also instituted a ceasefire that was generally observed until last month.

Roosevelt Johnson had been unhappy with the peace accord from the start. He led one of the smaller splinter factions made up of ethnic Krahio fighters, most of them holdovers from the former armed forces of deposed president Samuel Doe. Ultimately,

the governing council tried to arrest Johnson, a council member, on dubious murder charges. But the drafters couldn't lead by Taylor grossly underestimated the strength of Johnson's supporters. As Taylor's army tried to arrest Johnson on April 6, ethnic Krahios from three different factions rallied to his side, plunging Monrovia into full-scale war for the first time in more than five years.

Since 1992, a peacekeeping force sent by the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS) had patrolled Monrovia, turning the city into the nation's only safe haven while the war raged on in the bush. Fighting pushed more than a million refugees into the capital and another 1.5 million in to camps in neighboring countries. But many diplomats are view the 8,000-strong West African monitoring group as part of the problem. "Their soldiers have been probably counseling with the leaders and fighters," said U.S. ambassador William Miller in an interview. One group of peacekeepers showed up at the U.S. Embassy last month asking to be evacuated. Their commander ordered them back to their posts.

Liberians traditionally view the United States as their main benefactor, and a large number hold American passports. The country, Africa's oldest republic, was founded by freed American slaves in 1887 at the behest of president James Monroe. Now, many Liberians are perplexed by the U.S. military's failure to intervene. "We've always considered ourselves very close to America," said Jassiano Chai, 47, wearing a machete in an attempt to guard his home from looters. "But we now know that they will not help us, so I'm trying to protect what is left by myself."

Washington, still wary after a disastrous intervention in Somalia, prefers to avoid another African peacekeeping operation. Two weeks ago, an American attempt to intervene a peace summit in Ghana fell apart when the faction leaders failed to show up, leading U.S. officials to warn the parties that the international community was ready to walk away from the conflict. "We have no plans to leave this embassy," said Ambassador Miller. "But we have no contingencies for any kind of intervention."

Thousands of Liberians are now crowded into the U.S.-administered Grafton compound next to the embassy, guarded by 250 marines. Each evening, volunteers dig graves outside the compound walls for those who die during the night. "We are stranded here," said Solomon Kramah, 42, who is staying at Grafton. "We are sick, we are hungry and we are desperate. We are the people of Liberia, but a variety of men with guns decide our fate." Liberia's darkness may take a long time to lift.



Rick Challenge refugees arrive in Ghana; a heliport journey

NORME HUGHES with KIRA TROST in Monrovia

Full of surprises

Dole quits the Senate to be a full-time candidate

Predictable Bob Dole upsets a surprise. Controlled Bob Dole goes tremulous with emotion. Grumpy Bob Dole utters clear 15-word sentences. Grumpy Bob Dole says quite a bit, even leaves. And unlike Bob Dole appears on a public podium to sports coats and jackets—without a tie, tie rack, collar button undone. There

is more. More Bob Dole, like. "There are those who say the Republican party is without compassion, without concern, without care. That is not the case. I believe I can honestly stand here and say I've sort of been in the forefront of many of these programs that reach out to the poor, the disadvantaged or the disabled. I understand. So, would you, I feel your pain? I want to cure your pain. I want to make America better."

It happened last week that Bob Dole converted overnight into something Bob Dole. Washington is awash over his war-forged announcement on May 15 that he is not only stepping down as Senate leader but quitting Congress to be a full-time presidential candidate. The senator pursued dreamwork. Dole the next day for a highly attended Chicago speech dressed up with a reason that goes beyond party politics. It edged him away from the stereotypical conservative ranting among Newt Gingrich Republicans—and resonated in his own recent record. It sought to shunt the new Dole towards the center of the political spectrum and dialogically him—a to a door instead of a narrow hallway—from fellow-conservative Bill Clinton, the Democratic author of "I feel your pain." Promised cure-sucker Dole. "We will reach out to people."

Facilitated had never been a word attached to Dole—not during more than 36 years in Congress, in two failed runs at the presidential nomination in the 1980s, as the current Senate majority leader or since the risk of March, as the designated Republican challenger for the presidency. Then the day before Dole announced that he would quit the Senate within four weeks, he was renouncing the corridors of Congress in a way almost to many enough to knock a few cords off the podium tape. The presidential campaign, a carefully studied, agonized path and crisis within his own party were waiting him off at a lower six months before the Nov. 5 election. Went continued around Capitol Hill that Dole was about to make a distressed bow to his staffers. He would delegate some

of his legislative duties in order to devote more time to campaigning.

A late-April decision to quit the leadership and his seat altogether had been a closely held secret of Dole, his wife, Elizabeth, and a handful of party leaders and senior aides. As a result, even close friends were shocked when the

senior Kansas, surrounded by congressional colleagues in his crowded Capitol Hill rooms, declared, "My time to leave this office has come, and I will seek the presidency with nothing to fall

his left hand disabled. "I trust in the hard way, for little has come to me except in the hard way, which is good because we have a hard task ahead of us." That he sensed optimism about his electoral chances, "I have absolute confidence in the victory that is mine and yours is sustainable," he said. "That is because I have won victory and I have seen defeat and I know when one is set to give way to the other. And to concentrate upon the campaign, giving all and nothing all, I mean leave the Congress that I have loved."

In his Chicago speech, he donned a lobbyist's truster. That served to suggest his image as a hard sell man who will be 73 in one week. A CBS poll conducted between the two speeches showed Dole trailing Clinton by 13 percentage points—Clinton at 54 per cent to Dole's 41. But that was narrower than Dole's 25-point lead barely a week earlier. The earlier poll counted only 38 per cent of respondents as ready to vote for him.

Some analysts still rate Dole's own as



Dole and his wife, Elizabeth, after his announcement. "I will seek your pain"

back on but the judgment of the people—and nowhere to go but the White House or home."

At times during his four-month farewell to the Senate, and he is partly conscious to him but for more than 11 years, Dole's eyes looked up and his party quivered. But, assisted by a rare reliance on a teleprompter, he revealed a personally rare capacity for heartless candor. Said Dole, who spent four years in hospital for treatment of Second World War wounds, his left arm and hand will undergo and

severest of "a hard time ahead" as an overstatement. He may benefit by fleeing himself from the risks of pre-election campaign with the Democrats in Congress—says show that about five to five voters in a Clinton-Gore campaign would increase that Republican rout. The candidate, whose conservative credentials in close opposition to abortion, receives a low rating from women voters, opposed labor leaders and not from liberals. But by last week's performance, Bob Dole seemed to have shaken off the inertia of certain defeat—prompted to some at least an outside chance of turning his challenge to Bill Clinton into a contest. □

WORLD

The tragedy of the embattled navy chief

At first, it seemed a trivial reason to end it all. After the usually chipper commander of the United States Navy finally landed in Washington last week, he was used to have been visited by anxiety over a pair of little pain, reporters were anticipating allegations that he had once wrongly advised two of his 36 most ribbons with tiny losses. As for value, there was no in military shops at less than a dollar apiece. But in the day developed, it became clear that the trouble at 37 of Ad-

miral Jeremy Michael (Mike)

Boorda, chief of U.S. naval operations, had closed a modern American tragedy—a complex tale of ambition, pressures and politics developing a man who climbed to the summit from humble beginnings. When Boorda lately fired a bullet into his ribcaged chest, he also revealed a tale of troubles emerging the service he headed for the past two years. That trace of scandals and dispute—sexual harassment, gender jealousy, cheating and crime—led to his earlier steps to Boorda's own admission, to a naval chief. He was the first in the navy to achieve that pinnacle from a start as an ordinary sailor—a "mystery" in my opinion, an attitude that may make the officer corps feel joined up at 15, lying about his age and small of stature, a high school dropout from South Bend, Ind. "The navy became my family," Boorda said in a 1995 radio interview (his words: "I was born in the navy and I left four grown-up children"). "Everything I've done since I was 16 years old has been wrapped up in this organization."

He joined officer ranks in 1952, after conversion that he applied for no chance, he said later. He served two years at sea in the Vietnam War, and rose to U.S. and NATO command in February, 1994, he was in command of NATO's first-ever offensive mission—on air strike against Serbia against violating a three-hour ban on Bosnia. Two months later, he was in charge of the U.S. navy "the brought extraordinary energy and dedication and good morale to every post he held in a long and distinguished career," said President Clinton, who said clearly that he had slipped a note about Boorda's death during

The Vapors, Boorda's tale of passion and politics

more speed in pulling women showed ships and naval aircraft. "I don't think another Tailhook is possible in this navy," he said. But on Boorda's watch sexual harassment cases and other troubles proliferated. The exposure of alcoholic cheating, drug use, sexual assault and car crash by midshipman students hemorrhaged the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md. Critics blamed the fatal 1994 crash of a navy plane piloted by a woman on rushed training for female recruits. Late last year, after what he called a rash of sexual misconduct cases, Boorda ordered the entire force of more than 400,000 naval personnel to "stand down" from sexual duties to discuss rules and conduct for a day.

The admiral came under indirect fire from former navy secretary James Webb in an April speech at the naval academy. Although not naming Boorda, Webb accused

the command of killing morale by political correctness. "To save or advance their careers," Webb charged, "they abandon the very ideals of their profession in every level of the profession." Three weeks before his suicide, Boorda deflected the force as an open organization "rooting out and trying to solve its problems."

At the time, Boorda already lived a personal association that in the cheating problem in the Annapolis academy. Roger Charles, a reporter with an investigative operation named National Security News Service, asked the Pentagon for Boorda's Vietnam War citations for 1963 and 1973. Although both cited action in combat, opera after the war. One of the post was awarded. In any case, after Charles told the information requests, Boorda stopped wearing the name. Although contributing editor David Hackworth, a heavily decorated former army colonel who has not spoken against the alleged disclosure of combat

honors, joined Charles in the investigation. On the day of Boorda's suicide, Hackworth and a Vietnam colleague had scheduled an afternoon interview with him at the Pentagon to ask about the Vapors. ("We deeply regret this tragedy," said a Vietnam statement afterward.)

Boorda devalued the situation with his spokesman Ronald Perse and coordinated, said Perse later. "We'll just tell the truth." With that, saying he would return for the interview, Boorda went home. There, he took a 35-caliber revolver outdoors and, aimed on a bench, killed himself. He left notes of the day before. One was to his wife and family in the other, addressed to U.S. navy sailors, he said, warning the Vapors had been an error, but added that people might not believe that he had been an honest mistake.

CARL HOGAN in Washington



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WorldNOTES

TRADE WAR FEARS

Washington and Beijing were on the verge of a trade war after the United States announced it would order sensitive against \$4.1 billion worth of Chinese imports if a dispute over copyright was not resolved within a month. Beijing immediately said it would target American goods worth more than \$2 billion. U.S. industries say they lose \$3.2 billion to Chinese copyright pirates who reproduce CDs, videos and other intellectual property.

CHALLENGING KARADZIC

European leaders announced their support for a moderate challenger to hardline Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic. Radko Karadzic refused to step down after Karadzic fired him as prime minister of the self-styled Serb Republic in Bosnia. NATO officials also urged Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic to remove Karadzic, who is seen as a key obstacle to the Dayton peace accord.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A Colombian terrorist group demanded that Nobel Peace-winning author Gabriel Garcia Marquez take over from Ernesto Samper as the country's president before it would release its prominent hostages, Juan Carlos Gaviria. The group kidnapped the younger brother of former president Cesar Gaviria on April 2. Marquez urged the group to release him.

COMMUNISTS IN CABINET

Members of Italy's former Communist party gained the lion's share of seats in a new cabinet named by center-left Prime Minister Romano Prodi. The Democratic Party of the Left holds 16 of the 23 positions, including the interior ministry. But independent Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, a former central banker, took the critical treasury and budget portfolios, and respected center-right Lamberto Dini became foreign minister.

BRAIN POWER

Australian scientists say they have discovered how to use brain waves to switch a light on and off. In a demonstration with two electrodes on his skull, Sydney professor Les Kirshap closed his eyes and relaxed, raising the voltage from his brain in order to turn on a desk lamp across the room. The researchers stressed they were not controlling thought, merely harnessing the electricity of the brain.



Summer blizzards increasing numbers of climbers

A killer blizzard on Mount Everest

Eight climbers perished on Mount Everest as the largest snow loss of the century on the world's highest mountain. A fresh blizzard quickly transformed a perfect climbing day into a horror of blinding whiteouts and temperatures of 40° C. One victim made a strident phone call from the summit to

his pregnant wife shortly before he died. "Don't worry about me," he told her. As groups of survivors—some miraculously plucked off the peak by helicopter—made their way back to Nepal's capital, Kathmandu, critics focused on how easy it has become for novice climbers to embark on an Everest adventure. Increasing numbers of amateurs are drawn to commercial expeditions at a cost of about \$40,000 each. "Some of us have been asking: Is it right that an average climber can order an ascent of Everest out of a catalogue?" Mark Bryant, an outdoors magazine editor, told The New York Times. Since Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay first reached Everest's peak in 1953, more than 4,000 climbers have attempted the summit—at least 615 successfully. High-tech innovations in equipment and clothing have made the strenuous trek more accessible. The latest disaster brought the death toll on Everest to 142 since 1951. Survivors last week endured severe weather, and some face a loss of limbs from frostbite. "I can deal with the physical wounds," said climber Sebastian Woschler of Italy. "It's a whole lot more important to go on living." Another American vowed to stop climbing. But four huffs-bound Tibetans continued up the 29,000-foot mountain after losing three members of their expedition. They reached the summit a week later and said Buddhist prayers for 25 minutes.

FLORIDA CRISIS

Was a clerk to blame?

Experts investigating the ValuJet crash that killed 110 people in the Florida Everglades blamed an airline's second-flight clerk for the crash. The clerk, who was not on the plane, was accused of not loading the cargo hold that may have caused an explosion onboard.

The chairman of the U.S. Transportation Department said the airline's second-flight clerk may have loaded the cargo hold with 110 people. The clerk, who was not on the plane, was accused of not loading the cargo hold that may have caused an explosion onboard.

As the U.S. Transportation Department's study into the crash, the study made public last week. With five accidents—three since—ValuJet recorded a 2.5 accidents per 100,000 flights, significantly higher than the rate of 0.1 for large commercial airlines. Tower Air Inc. of Jamaica, N.Y., also showed a poor rating.

Seeking unity on Cuba

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien appeared to fall short of his goal of uniting Central American leaders in a common strategy against Washington's anti-Castro trade bill. After Chrétien hosted the leaders of Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, Costa Rica and Belize in Ottawa, the group issued a commu-

niqué affirming the right of sovereign states to trade as they want. But there was no plan of action to thwart the Helms-Burton law, which penalizes countries who trade with Cuba. Neither the United States nor Cuba was mentioned in the statement.

Chrétien with Central American severals



Virtual revenge

BY JENNIFER WELLS

Mark Blumes is feeling absolutely relaxed. "I gotta have a cigar," he says. Particularly if he is going to be photographed. So one is provided. As he repeatedly smokes and relaxes, he conventionally carries across his casual center from Mark's Work Wearhouse Ltd., the overalls-to-construction-boots company he built with his late brother, to his distant familial relationship, to the creation of Mark's Virtual Store Inc., his latest retail crusade. Which happens to be in cyberspace. There has been a fair bit of psychotherapy along the way. "I kept writing for him to tell me not to come back," says Blumes of his own clearest right relationship. "He doesn't say that. He says, 'See you next week.'"

Given that Blumes is a "balls-to-the-wall kind of guy"—his own description—it does not surprise that he is wrestling of the intense ones of taking big business risks, and of how it feels to pay the price of failure. Just last fall, Blumes was leading the board of Calgary-based Mark's Work Wearhouse, which he founded in 1977. Blumes, who credits himself with pulling the company from the brink of bankruptcy in the '91 recession, wanted to take MWW into the world of electronic commerce. The board showed him the door.

Garth Mitchell, who took over as chief executive officer after Blumes's ouster, says that even was not the major reason for the falling out. He talks obliquely about the difference between founding skills and operational skills. He will say that even appears to have talent, but less so in a business such as MWW, where "size, try-on and color" still rule consumer decision-making. "Virtual stores, in terms of apparel and footwear stores, still have virtual elements." He wanted to devote most of his attention to having great stores," Blumes was hurt. He was broken. He cried. They gave him a plaque. Now, he has bounced back. And he is looking for retail revenge.

To look at Blumes today is to see little change in the disheveled, overgrown, often pensive face either the anti-sneaking or anti-sneaking. But he says he has changed. "What I've been through I wouldn't wish on a dog in terms of the pain associated with being terminated from a child you created and all that kind of stuff," he says. The old Mark—the one who reached into the ads that first business day in 1977 so he could buy a handsome Oldsworld Cadillac Cruiser to impress the in-laws—no more. "It's a damn good punch," he says. "That I'm not crazy. And I'm not blarney."

Mark's Virtual Store and its sister company, Mark's Club, are the corporate personification of the new Mark Blumes. He describes MVSI as a "Price Control, Sportcheck, Home Depot store all combined in cyberspace." This is not exactly a new thought here. But Blumes believes that even will revolutionize the consumer-retailer relationship. And so he is plotting a matrix of merchants for con-

sumers and manufacturers to access through MVSI. "In principle, down to earth conduct to this virtual thing called the Internet." For Canadian retailers at large, even a still cryptic, the revenues still small. But Blumes does not think in market-share terms. He will, he says, create in cyberspace an environment where a customer's expectations are consistently exceeded. Then, he says, they will become "customers for life."

Blumes is 52 but he says he thinks like an 18-year-old. Which is good, in his view. "Sixteen-year-olds consider what there is to gain," he says, as opposed to what there is to lose. "And they don't know 'no'." Blumes is trying to master a more painful lesson from his earlier retailing days. It could use a little polish. "This cybernetic, or cyber space, Internet and all this stuff, is pretty new," he says. There is, however, something refreshing in Blumes's

perceptions. "When you sit right through it, it's just another communications strategy. What I bring to the party is, I'm a down-home country merchant. It doesn't matter what the medium is. What matters is you know the product."

Blumes has never been out to change the face of retailing in this country, he says. According to the terms of his departure from Mark's Work Wearhouse, Blumes is excluded from entering the clothing business for the next two years. He was paid a \$300,000 severance package. But there is a harder \$300,000 to be paid over two years, which Blumes will forfeit if he breaks his non-competition promise. The way he tells it, Mark's Virtual Store isn't just about everything but clothing—drum hockey sticks, in one day, financial services. He says he will seek a listing on the Alberta Stock Exchange within a year. He says MVSI will be up and running in Alberta in the fall, then move to Atlantic Canada. He says he will have 600,000 customers by year 4. "That," he says, "is not minor."

Shopping at Mark's Work Wearhouse in Toronto: a battle for control of the company

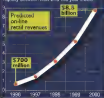


Blumes: "I'm a down-home country merchant"



CLICKING FOR CASH

Around the world, an estimated 100,000 websites have already set up shop on the Internet. Sales to date have been disappointing according to one study, which puts in an average of \$4,000 annually. But a recent report by Forester Research, a U.S. consulting group, concluded that the popularity of on-line shopping and other forms of electronic commerce will increase rapidly between now and the year 2000.



It is, however, lacking a few specifics. Last week, Blumes sat with Geoff Pickering, chairman of Calgary-based Xentel Interactive Inc. Pickering says Xentel is about to sign up with MVSI as a technology provider through its Magellan Interactive Media division. Magellan's specialty is electronic cataloging for the likes of J. C. Penney and Lands' End. Xentel offers the virtual shopping look, as well as seamless "connectivity," a word much favored by e-commerce practitioners. What Blumes truly wants from Xentel is a commitment to take an ownership position in MVSI. He estimates startup capital at a surprisingly modest \$1 million, says He credits minority investors. "I'm going to have 50 per cent of this or I ain't doing it," he says. "I had less than 50 per cent of something else and it caused something to happen that was neither unpleasant." Pickering says he is psychologically aligned with the MVSI idea. Retail, he says, is "rapidly moving to weeds the concept of a seamless marketplace that doesn't involve human intervention." And he has positive things to say about Blumes. "I see Mark as a successful retailer. I think we need merchants in times of change." But Xentel has yet to get an answer on the table.

Pickering will, however, take the possibility of an equity stake in MVSI to the Xentel board. He says he sees MVSI as something akin to CUC International Inc., the Stamford, Conn., company that has been in the e-commerce trade for 17 years. Last fall, CUC launched Shoppers Advantage on the Internet, allowing consumers to grow through more than 250,000 product offerings. Members, who now total more than 200,000, pay an annual \$40 fee. Products range from televisions (500 offerings) to power drills (200). Some members order product through Shoppers. Others use it simply as an

information source, to increase their bargaining muscle with local merchants. Blumes believes his ability to bond with manufacturers will give him the advantage in setting up MVSI. Others, including St. John's Mallinco, a virtual shopping mall being set up by Quebecer Mallinco Inc. and Capgem Cable Inc., have a head start. Philippe Larocq, marketing manager for St. John's, says the service will be launched in 400 homes and 200 businesses in June. "Most retailers are seriously looking into e-commerce," he says. "But they don't know how to go about it."

Blumes suggests that any competition lack his relationships with, and "once deep belief in," Canadian consumers. There are other motivations. "I tried poverty and it sucks," he says. "I want to try wealth again." He will not say how much start-up capital he is pulling from his own pocket for Mark's Virtual Store.

It was Mark's Work Wearhouse that made him rich the first time. The same agreement that precludes him from and working for two years does not preclude a takeover attempt. He certainly intends to get back into the jeans business. "How that occurs and when that occurs will be related to the opportunity that presents itself in MVSI," he gives almost passive.

"One of the things I've learned... is that the life of a man is not a straight line. There he gets a new idea. It is," he says, "the curve does kind of thing." Blumes's take on seeing the day as to put in the next punishment. Merchandise schedule that killed his marriage two years before his divorce from Mark's Work Wearhouse. "It's lonely," he says. "Oh, worse one, I'm alone, which is a circumstance." There's the sharp thing again. But Blumes is not the type to work corporate or personal closure. He is, instead, plotting his autobiography. Of course it has a title: *Wherever I Am I Want to Be Where I've Not*. □



Peter C. Newman

A positive view of conservatism's future

David Frum's Winds of Change conference that opens in Calgary this week ostensibly is about combating the forces of the right to create a more efficiently run Canada. But its overriding agenda—of Frum's own writings are to be believed—is to subvert democratic politics to the idea that conservatism is for losers, social justice sucks and greed conquers all.

There is no question that the status quo in Canada is dead, nor is there any doubt that a new politics based on current reality instead of past hopes is essential. Our patchy social welfare, multicultural and shared wealth economic policies have escalated far beyond the genuine needs and aspirations that originally propelled them.

That's why the voice of respected individuals like Peter Lougheed, who can claim legitimate conservative credentials as a former Alberta premier yet reject the accession project of Frum & Company, is so essential.

"If Canada was to be strictly a market economy," Lougheed told me during a Calgary interview recently, "we would quickly become another Puerto Rico. This country has never had such economic highs in its history. Everything is moving in the wrong direction of the bottom line, you can't have a country." The answer, he insists, is not to follow the Frum prescription of swinging wildly to the far political right, but to deal with people's problems on the basis of need rather than greed.

Successfully recovered from his recent triple-bypass heart operation, Lougheed is back in the swing of things. His thoughts on the Frum initiative have not been conducive to his healing.

"The centre of the political road is still the place to be," he insists. "We're on top of a wave now in which there has been some movement to individualism from concern with community. But when you look at what's happening in the United States, where New Gingrich's Contract with America has been examined and is being rejected by the people, you realize that this swing has created. There's going to be a strong move back to the centre, here and in the United States. That would be very hard on any Reform-Conservative merger, as advocated by Frum, because that assumes the Tories coming in to Belgium. After the electoral disaster of 1993, the Canadian Conservative Party would be historically gone."

Lougheed admits that Canada's debt position and fiscal mess required a swing to the right, and that the significantly improved financial position of the provinces, and even Ontario, has been an essential accomplishment. "But having said that," he adds, "there's going to be a political shift the other way, because we're still a people who care about each other, we're still a country with a collective ethic."

He rejects the surprise notion held by the neoconservatives

that if Canada breaks apart, we could join the United States. "Those who say that," he points out, "don't know their American history. First of all, they should look at how long it took Hawaii and Alaska to become recognized as states. We would be on headed knees, trying to get recognition. We would have no strength on the table issues. It would pose a drastically reduced standard of living. I don't want to join the States, I like our values, thank you very much."

Instead of committing suicide by joining B-form, the former premier would like to see the Tories champion the "progressive" side of their party label in order to differentiate themselves from the left. "There's a huge association among Canadians these days," he says, "and our party must be seen to be caring about the real problems that touch people's everyday lives." He hopes the Tories will at least a direct result in the next federal election, and compares Jean Charest's formidable position with his own when he was running against Preston Manning's father, who seemed safely ensconced as Alberta's premier. "We went from no seats in 1982 to six at the next election and gained some momentum," he recalls. "I was under incredible pressure at the time to merge with the provincial Liberals, including from many of our own supporters, because Manning was such a colossus. Now, where would we have been in historical terms, if I had agreed to that?"

On the constitutional issue, Lougheed believes that Jean Charest's insistence on putting in place five regional vetoes has made any future amendment practically impossible. "There has to be an iron-clad commitment that the federal government doesn't interfere with provincial jurisdictions by us to what's left of its spending powers," he says. "There's still a lot to do to achieve any constitutional reform and it's urgent to implement them before Lester Bower's term expires."

Meanwhile, the ex-premier continues to expand his reach as arguably Canada's most influential corporate director, sitting on 15 boards of companies that combined more than \$200 billion in assets. Even when he's at his new holiday home in Tucson, Ariz., Lougheed is constantly on his phone or fax machine, keeping in touch with what's going on in or out of office, he is one of the country's chief advisors, trusted by those who count. "The secret," he told me, "is that you can't say, 'We've got to be learning and working all the time.' Perhaps before the influence of globalization, you could take it easy for a while, but not today. You can't coast for 24 hours."

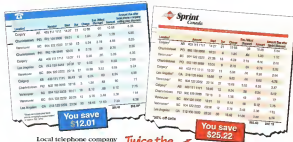
Lougheed isn't coasting, but Canada is changing faster than any of us realize. David Frum's initiative may become part of that transformation. But the danger is that being too close to the left of the political spectrum in the past may pose the temptation that the Progressives may throw out the baby with the bathwater, wreck Canada's social contract while pretending to repair our fiscal health.

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The airborne exploits of Father Goose



Lishman and geese: leading a flock (right) is just a taste of their work

BY D'ARCY JENISE

On a break spring morning, Bill Lishman is preparing capuccinos in the bright, sparsely kitchen of his \$400,000 underground home. An ice pomee a cup of the rich coffee, the 57-year-old sculptor, who lives in the village of Sheldonsville, Ont., 80 km northeast of Toronto, talks enthusiastically about *Fly Away Home*, a full-length film based on his unique work with Canada geese. The movie, set for release next fall, tells the story of an eccentric Ontario artist and his daughter who teach a flock of Canada geese to fly behind an ultralight aircraft and then lead the birds on a 700-mile migration to North Carolina. The film, which grips fictional events onto the real-life Lishman story, is intended as family entertainment. But Lishman hopes it provides viewers with something else—a sense of the exhilaration he experiences while flying with wild birds. "They understand this way," he says. "They can feel it. When I'm up there with them, I get a sense of their world. I lose the words to describe what it feels like."



Artist, naturalist and environmentalist, Lishman is, above all, an sculptor. He has created massive sculptures of Stonehenge and lunar spacecraft, and he designed and built his family's home—seven globe-shaped rooms made of concrete, linked by winding corridors and beamed beneath tons of dirt. But it is his newest exploits that have garnered the most attention. Last fall, Lishman published his autobiography, *Father Goose: The Adventures of a Wildly Free*. And now, a team of Canadian and American wildlife biologists is examining the possibility of using his techniques in the battle to save the rare whooping crane—a effort involving the sort of painstaking scientists who initially scoffed at Lishman's approach. "When he first talked about leading birds around with ultralights in the late '80s, people just rolled their eyes," recalls Claire Miranda, curator of birds with the Wisconsin-based International Crane Foundation. "But it may be the thing that saves the whoopers."

Hollywood displayed more of the skepticism of the scientific community. Several studios approached Lishman about buying the rights to his story after the ABC television program 8/20

aired a documentary about him in November, 1993. He had just completed his first migration, leading a flock of 40 geese—who would not fly south on their own because migrating is learned rather than instinctive behavior—on a 400-mile journey from his home to a nature retreat in Virginia. Lishman eventually signed with Los Angeles-based Columbia TriStar, which turned the project over to director Charles Faid, whose previous credits include *The Black Stallion* and *Never Cry Wolf*. "What sold me on making the movie," Ballard told *Mirror's*, "was simply the character of Bill Lishman. He's a very creative, energetic, one-of-a-kind individual."

With his scruffy grey beard and wiry ash-colored hair, the tall, slender Lishman has a slightly unkempt look. He walks briskly, leaning forward as though perpetually pressed for time. And his autobiography makes it clear that he has led a busy unconventional life. "People who've read the book ask me how I could do so many things," Lishman says with a chuckle. "I tell them, 'Well, I tell them, I let hell be things out!'"

Raised on a farm east of Toronto, Lishman was a rebellious teen who learned an adolescent interest in wood carving into a career as a metal sculptor. His wife, Paula, meanwhile, developed an original method for knitting and weaving with fur and used it to build a lucrative business employing about 165 people, allowing Lishman to pursue his eclectic interests. In 1970, Lishman began to fly ultralight aircraft—which some pilots describe as lawn chairs with wings and small engines. Then came the fateful day in the fall of 1985 when Lishman, swooping low over a farmer's field in his ultralight, inadvertently started a flock of ducks. They took off, and Lishman found himself flying amid thousands of quacking wildfowl who became the unusual object in their midst. "The next year, I was full of ducks," he wrote in his autobiography.

"In front, below, above, behind, some in ragged chevrons, some in amorphous clusters, wings flashing in the light. The thrill was indescribable." That brief but exhilarating flight changed Lishman's life. Over the next three summers, he spent hundreds of hours trying to make his geese to follow him in his ultralight. His plans were dashed one year when a heavy snowfall caused the roof of a storage shed to collapse and crash his aircraft. Another time he crashed into a tree, although he escaped unhurt.

Finally, in July, 1990, he convinced a flock of 22 geese to fly behind an ultralight—largely because of a natural phenomenon called imprinting. Newly hatched geese become emotionally attached to the first moving object they see, usually their mother. They can also imprint on humans, forming a mother-son relationship. With help from his sons, Aaron and George, and daughter Carmen (ages 25, 21 and 13, respectively), Lishman would keep the flock in the ultralight on a 700-mile journey—200 miles to a refuge in South Carolina with 36 birds in tow. Last fall, they returned to the same course with 20 geese.

Despite that success, it took another five years of trial and error before Lishman and his assistant, Joseph DeSt, a 46-year-old photographer, attempted their first migration in October, 1993. The team took a 200-mile ultralight on a 700-mile journey—200 miles to a refuge in South Carolina with 36 birds in tow. Last fall, they returned to the same course with 20 geese.

The migrants required ground support and good weather, Lishman says. A canopy of boats followed him in Lake Ontario, in case their ultralights ran into mechanical problems or bad weather. A team of trucks hauled pine and feed for the birds, which could fly up to four hours a day and cover about 130 miles. Arriving at the winter refuges was exciting enough. But best of all was the birds' return in spring. Lishman says that the 1994 flock disappeared three days after leaving in July. In 1995, they didn't return. There had been several off by a day or two. In mid-July, 1995, he received a call from a government wildlife officer in Niagara Falls, N.Y., who had identified one of the birds by its numbered neckband. "It was the first sign we'd had of these geese in months," says Lishman. "We were going to go to Niagara Falls to pick them up, but before we could leave 20 more arrived back home. In the end, I led the way from Niagara Falls showed up, I just totally missed it."

Last summer, Lishman trained a new flock of geese to fly behind his ultralight—this time to size in *Fly Away Home*, which was shot at several locations in southern Ontario. To bring the story to the big screen, Ballard and his scriptwriters created a fictional father-daughter saga about rekindled love. American actor Jeff Branson plays a sculptor who loses touch with his daughter for many years after divorcing his wife. She returns to her father at age 13, and they rebuild their relationship by raising a flock of geese together and learning to fly with them. Besides being the inspiration for the project, Lishman also provided technical assistance. "We couldn't have made the movie without him," Ballard says. "Bill worked this crazy as the set. He flew all the stunts. He made an extra airplane, plus he had so much knowledge about the geese."

Lishman is now applying that knowledge to sandhill cranes as a step toward achieving his ultimate goal of flying with whooping cranes. In 1985, he managed to raise three sandhills from chicks to adulthood, and spent about 50 hours leading them on short flights around southern Ontario. Next summer, he intends to train a new sandhill flock. "In some ways, sandhill cranes are easier to work with than geese," says Lishman. "They can fly further and at an earlier age. But we still have a lot to learn about them."

It may be years, however, before anyone flies with whooping cranes, the elegant white birds that stand close to five feet tall. There are only an estimated 310 whoopers left in existence, and only one nesting flock of about 150 birds, which live in remote northern Alberta, Canada, and U.S. government biologists, who are working to save the species, hope that by teaching some young whoopers to fly behind ultralights they can establish a second migratory flock as a kind of insurance policy—protecting the species from being wiped out altogether by disease or environmental catastrophe.

But first, the scientists must establish a permanent migratory route with new summer breeding grounds in Saskatchewan or Manitoba, and a winter refuge, possibly in Louisiana. They must also determine whether the whoopers, which are much more temperamental than sandhills, can be taught to follow an ultralight. "It looks like the only viable technique we have for establishing a new migratory flock," says D'Arcy Jenise, a biologist with the Canadian Wildlife Service in Saskatoon. "There's a lot of excitement, but there's also apprehension because it's not as easy as it looks."

Lishman well knows that. But he didn't become Father Goose without believing that he could tame his wildest dream—an ability he attributes to his artistic temperament. "This experiment would never have happened if I'd been a government agency," he jokes. "It takes a certain kind of person to be the point of the drill bit. It is, in some way, to pressure to teach birds to be frequent flyers." □

A Canadian original teaches birds to be frequent flyers

The selling of space

A program stays aloft in an era of budget cuts

Sweating out the countdown for his second flight into space, Marc Garneau admitted that he felt like a kid again. "It's the excitement of Christmas Eve when I was seven years old," said the Canadian astronaut who first went into space on the shuttle Challenger in 1984. 115 months before Challenger exploded, killing all seven aboard? This week, Garneau, 47, was due to make a repeat journey into space on the shuttle Endeavour, on a mission devoted partly to preparing for the start of construction late next year of the archipelago space station Alpha. Besides its six human crew members, the shuttle was scheduled to carry other living creatures, which shared some of Garneau's excitement. Housed in an air-hood aquarium were thousands of embryonic starfish, blue muscivora and baby sea urchins. Scientists hope that a series of experiments involving the animals, which Garneau will supervise in space, will shed light on human medical problems ranging from osteoporosis to birth defects. In the gravity-free conditions of space, said Garneau, "you can do things that are just not possible on Earth."

In an era of government spending cutbacks, space program supporters, more than ever, are emphasizing the potential benefits of costly ventures beyond the Earth's atmosphere. Of course, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—a media darling in its Shuttles heyday—has it ways put a premium on public relations, and it has continued its hard-sell approach as its glaze and its landing have faded. NASA has called its latest mission an "the opening of 'the commercial space frontier.' Endeavour, which was due to blast off from Florida's Cape Canaveral in May 18, was loaded with equipment for experiments in such fields as biotechnology and the development of new electronic materials. Four of the main experiments were designed by Canadian scientists, and much of the equipment for these



Garneau is thinking: "things that are just not possible on Earth"

were built by Canadian firms. "Marc Garneau is going to be doing some stuff up there," said Karl Dorisch, vice-president of the Canadian Space Agency. "Those experiments could help us go further and faster in developing new technologies on Earth."

During Endeavour's 33 days in space, crew members planned to test a sophisticated global positioning system to see whether it can be used to maintain space station Alpha at a fixed angle in relation to the Earth when it becomes operational in 2002. And using the Canadian-built Canadian remote manipulator, Garneau

will help to deploy and retrieve an American Spartan satellite to test a 30-foot-long inflatable antenna. The purpose of the exercise: to see if such lightweight structures could be used on Alpha.

Much of Garneau's time shall be spent in the shuttle's Spacelab science module, where he will watch over a series of carefully scripted Canadian experiments, including MAND-GAS—a device for forming sophisticated crystals in microgravity conditions—and the Commercial Flight Zone Furnace, another system for developing space-grade materials that could be used in such diverse areas as communications and laser surgery. And then there is the Canadian-developed Space Aquarum One experiment aimed at determining how embryonic starfish develop in weightless conditions—a process that could shed light on how birth defects arise in humans. Other experiments were designed by schoolkids, winners of a pre-launch protocol contest run by the CSA. Among them was a team at Saskatchewan's College Park School, which prepared putting food coloring into water to see how weightlessness affects diffusion. "It's amazing," said team member Jason Cooper, 12, "because things work differently in space."

The CSA's press agency is hardly surprised that NASA and its smaller Canadian counterpart have taken budget hits in recent years, with the U.S. agency's annual funding declining by eight per cent since 1991 to its current level of \$18 billion a year; during the past two years, the CSA's budget tumbled by 38 per cent to \$288 million in the current fiscal year. In the investment in space, paying off Canadian scientists and entrepreneurs used it. "If we were not involved in space," says Daniel Labrec, a physicist at Haldar's Dalhousie University who helped design some of the Endeavour experiments aimed at developing high-tech materials, "we would be losing a unique scientific opportunity."

Of course, space has another, more spiritual side. "It's such a wonderful place," said Garneau. "It has a magical quality. When you see Earth against the backdrop of infinite space, you can't help wonder about mankind's destiny." For Garneau and his fellow enthusiasts, the destiny of the space program should be in no such doubt.

MARK NICHOLS

People

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

Charity's newest convert

Singer-guitarist Jim Cuddy of the pop band Bad Religion says he had no idea music about the purpose of his trip to Uganda in April on behalf of World Vision Canada. "I am a part of the money raising," while in the African nation, he shot a video that the Ottawa-based charity will use to promote one of its fund-raising drives. Cuddy adds that he was hesitant to get involved in the first place, primarily because he is not off by many charitable organizations. "Some of them are further extensions of colonialism, which is what messed these people up in the first place," he says. But he was moved by the children, he says, and found his journey "totally inspiring." He visited a trauma centre that is helping children who had been kidnapped by rebels return to the community.



Cuddy in Uganda: "they had never heard a new song before"

He also dropped in on an orphanage for children who have lost their parents to AIDS, which has infected nearly half of Ugandan adults. Cuddy says his performance for the children prompted an unusual reaction: "They clapped their hands to their mouths and laughed and laughed. It wasn't meant to be unkind—they had just never heard a new song before."



Jagger: making deals

On the town in Cannes

A 1,500 musicians gathered at the old Palm Beach casino in Cannes to celebrate the premiere of *Disappearing*, a hit new British movie, a rumor buzzed through the crowd around 11 a.m. But Mark Jagger isn't there. Indeed, he was hiding out in a corner of the bar, wearing a pyjama jacket and surrounded by a huddle of admirers doing their best to act cool. And what was rock's eldest statesman doing at the film festival? "I've got a couple of film deals in development," he said. "One of them with Paramount. But I'm mostly just having fun." Would the star of *Performance* (1970) and several other films be acting in those movies? "Oh, no," he says, his body leaning indignantly to the music. But he did rule out the idea of another screen role. "I suppose it's a toss-up between that and another solo album."

An activist and an artist

Actor Gary Farmer is a Cayuga Indian from the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont., but does that make it easy for him to portray a native in the movie *A*, which will be shown in the United States, say, a

cup rule," says Farmer, 43, who plays a mixed-race character named Nobility in director Joe Jarman's newest film, *Dead Man*, co-starring Johnny Depp. "As a native individual, I have a responsibility to my community." This sense of responsibility does not end with his acting roles. Farmer is also editor-in-chief of *Aberdeen*



Making a mark in the NBA

At the 1995 NBA college draft in Toronto last June, some fans boomed when the hometown Raptors made little-known Damon Stoudamire their first choice. But the court draft five-foot, 10-inch point guard was unfazed, saying that he would quickly turn the focus into cheers. He did. Playing on an expansion team that won only 22 of 82 games, the 22-year-old from Portland, Ore., was called the only rookie player for Raptors last season. A lightning-quick playmaker, he led his team in scoring, assists



Stoudamire: rockie of the year

and minutes played. And last week, Stoudamire was named the NBA's rookie of the year, demonstrating that even the smallest rocks can become overstones. Stoudamire, who will earn \$2 million next season, can be a three-point shot as well as a scorer. He says that he wants to pursue his championship dreams in Toronto. Said Stoudamire of the rookie honor: "It's a great stepping stone for my career."

Here's a Toronto-based magazine devoted to showcasing artists and culture. He says that, ironically, many artists would have found nothing unusual in his decision to pursue two such roles. "Once, there was no distinct word for artist," says Farmer, "as everyone was an artist."

Farmer: a responsibility to others

Money and influence

A benefactor shakes up the funding community

At times it has seemed like a schoolyard spat, with the cry of "You did it!" "No I didn't!" growing ever more intense. But the participants are no children, and their battle over the way the arts are funded in Canada is reverberating through the cultural community. On one side is Joan Chalmers, one of the country's leading philanthropists. On the other is the Ontario Arts Council, one of the country's largest public arts-funding bodies that over the last 25 years has received a total of \$1.1 billion from the Chalmers family. That gift makes up the last share of the \$1.2 donation to the Arts Council Foundation, which produces the money to fund the prestigious Chalmers Awards, presented annually to deserving artists from across the country. Last week, just two days after the awards ceremony in Toronto, Chalmers set off shock waves by revealing her decision to withdraw her support from the arts council and its leadership. In a letter to council chairman Paul Hoffer, Chalmers and her sister-in-law Clara Chalmers declared "The desire to fund the arts and artists well, as always, continues. But we will never again trust our money to the whims of bureaucrats and appointed boards."

Hoffer, a composer and former member of the rock band Led Zeppelin, says the Chalmers letter left him in "absolute shock." The council had already been hit with a 28.6-per-cent cut in funding from the Ontario government. And although the Chalmers family's \$1.1 million steps in the hands of the foundation, its statement delivered a severe blow to the privilege and, perhaps, the future of the arts council. Hoffer said he is worried that the letter's criticism "will become a club to be used by those who believe there should be no public funding for the arts. I fear that they will use it not only to get rid of agencies such as the arts council, but also," he added, "to move us to create a society where arts and culture are created by the rich for the rich."

Chalmers's own move has been widely applauded. Last year at a Town to Town event, the 59-year-old daughter of philanthropist and former Maclean's



Chalmers in 1990; questions about who should pay for the arts

Lid, chairman Floyd Chalmers (who died in 1993) suffered a stroke that left him with minor speech difficulties. Relations with the media have been strained on entirely by selected arts activist Barbara Ansenbury, 46, her companion of 10 years. Ansenbury characterized the Chalmers's letter as "a warning shot to arts bureaucrats." The gist of its complaint is that the Chalmers have felt excluded from the decision-making process at the foundation. "They've been cut out of the loop," Ansen-

bury said. "They were virtually non-existent in their own awards." As accusations flew—quietly via the media—between the arts council's Bloor Street offices and the Chalmers-Ansenbury apartment a few blocks away in the old-money enclave of Rosedale, Ansenbury claimed that Chalmers's desire to sit on the board has been ignored. Hoffer replied that she had turned such an appointment down. Ansenbury also insisted that Chalmers was not informed of the foundation's plan to launch a new \$150,000 grant program. Hoffer said she was involved. As for the letter's contention that the arts council is top-heavy with bureaucrats, Hoffer responded that it has already cut its staff from just under 100 to 50, streamlined its operation and is delivering a higher proportion of its budget to artists than most similar organizations in North America.

Behind their quarrel lies the issue of just who should pay for the arts, and what they can expect in return. Ansenbury says that she and Chalmers have developed a "proactive" vision of arts funding as a result of their experience with a travelling art show that they mounted last year. Called *Severance, In Search of a Home: The Art of Courage*, it features a works about breast cancer that they commissioned from 24 well-known female artists. It almost did not happen because of a quarrel Ansenbury and Chalmers had with their partner on the project, the Royal Ontario Museum, over funding and organization. After the museum compromised, Severance has gone on to raise funds and awareness of the disease in several Canadian and U.S. cities. "It's the new philanthropy," Ansenbury enthused. "The people who earned that money have a right to put it where it will do the most good. We're returning to the time of the Medici."

Interestingly, Hoffer also invoked the Renaissance tradition of benefactors, but he finds the prospect unsettling. "Of course there's a place for private philanthropy," he said, "but imagine if it was the only kind. Do we really want art that reflects only the concerns of the rich, while the broader issues of our democratic, free enterprise society are ignored?" Still, there may be room for compromise. Ansenbury says that Chalmers may renew her association with the foundation, if she can win a guarantee of more control. Retires Ansenbury. "No more just sitting back as Lady Bountiful."

JOHN BISHOP



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Auto eroticism

Cronenberg's sex-driven *Crash* shakes up the film festival

In 4 a.m. The final weekend of the Cannes International Film Festival. And the *Crash*, the Cine d'Or's latest grower, is buzzing: Across from the vintage Carlton Hotel, its sex-crane-once barrels lie up against the night, dance music booms from a nearby beach party for the elite premiere at Crank. David Cronenberg, the mildly Canadian director, has retired for the night. But the champagne is still flowing. The dance floor is jammed. And about 150 spectators (the milking of the *Crash*, same still trying to crash the *Crash* party, others just going down on the action below. Making his way through the crowd, a guest with his tennis shirt subverted in the waist strode home with a woman spilling out of a suspended dream. Two young lovers from the night's love that the movie industry turns into *Babylon* on



ONE ASSIGNMENT
BRIAN D. JOHNSON
IN CANNES

on the Riviera for two weeks each May, almost nothing comes as a shock. No one, however, was quite prepared for Cronenberg's *Crash*—an utterly bizarre movie about characters who have an erotic addiction to crashing cars. Films competing for the festival's coveted Palme d'Or ranged from the teen boy's *Blackboard Jungle*, set in the snowy of Minnesota, to Bernardo Bertolucci's languorous *Stealing Beauty*, set in the Tuscan hills (page 53). But landing on the director's *Friday* night of the festival, *Crash*'s austere excursion into expertly sex in Toronto was the competition's most badly anticipated entry—and by far the most provocative. It left audiences stunned, disturbed and wondering what they were supposed to think. It also provoked a lively debate among members of the Cannes jury—including a Canadian for the first time in the festival's 40-year history, Toronto director Atom Egoyan.

Crash is not an easy movie to explain, perhaps because there has never been anything like it. Based on the 1973 novel by British author J.G. Ballard, better-known for *Empire of the Senses*, the story concerns a movie producer named Ballard (James Spader) and his wife, Catherine (Heather Ungar), who practice a based promiscuity. Ballard is injured in a serious collision with another car driven by a doctor named Helen (Holly Hunter), who introduces him to a bizarre cult—led by a scarred voyager named

At the first press screening in Cannes, the packed audience of 1,000 international media watched the film with a palpable discomfort. Coughing fit erupted with alarming frequency, as if Cronenberg had released an analysis virus into the audience's nervous systems. When the screen finally turned black, leaves mixed with some loud boos. Some critics detested the film, some adored it, others were simply baffled.

Milling around on the sidewalk before the steps of the Palais, a crowd of journalists discussed the movie long after it was over. Some for Alliance Communications Corp., the producer, solicited instant opinions, but many critics were too puzzled to respond. "It's obviously in the shape of a porno movie," offered Derek Malcolm, critic for Britain's *Guardian*. "One must trust Cronenberg because he's an intelligent director. I can't believe what he was trying to do, but I would give him the credit for trying to do something." Malcolm also predicted that Britain's censor would ban the film unless it received extensive



Unger and Kiefer; Cronenberg (opposite) once mixed with cheer for the book exploration of a cult's erotic obsession with car crashes

cuts. (Later, Hollywood's show business lobby, heralding the film "a lurid display of primal urges of erotic erotica, with appeal only to the most specialized audiences," predicted similar censorship problems in the United States.)

In fact, *Crash* belongs to a genre for which there is no prototype. It could be confused with pornography, as that it contains perhaps as much sex as dialogue—at least a dozen sexual acts, mostly in vehicles. The film, again, with three sex sequences in a row, beginning with a scene of Unger placing her breast against the shattered fuselage of an airplane. But unlike porno, *Crash* does not titillate. It is so cool, so exquisitely composed and so cerebral in its unrelenting claim that it is almost impossible to compare with the characters—to embrace their fantasies.

"I'm not sure you're going to like anybody in *Crash*," the director acknowledged in an interview. "It is a difficult film to score, but you can observe something from a distance and still be fascinated by it." In making *Crash* on Hollywood film, he adds, "you know which buttons you're supposed to push and if you're professional enough to push them, you get the required response. Here I'm pushing buttons that nobody knew they had buttons, and I'm groping in the dark for those buttons. I'm not sure which ones I'm pushing."

Crash film is a Cannes tradition. And after receiving mixed reaction in two advance press screenings, the film-makers were braced for the worst. But at a follow-up news conference, where they expected a barrage of hostile questions, journalists were so polite that Cronenberg later personally admitted he was "a bit disappointed." He was also ready to be booed at the movie's premiere the next night. "We were punched," he said. But despite some walkouts, the audience of 2,000 *Madeleine* spectators paid no respect to anyone. And at the end, their stunted silence was broken by a burst of applause along with a mix of cheers and jeers.

Hammer noted in an interview that on the *Crash* set, unlike most sets, the actors never speculated about how the audience would react. "And that's the strangeness of it," Cronenberg of *Crash* movies," she said. "They never dance to an audience how they are supposed to feel." Filmed mainly on and around the expressways of Toronto, *Crash* is not character-driven. It is a movie about flesh and metal, and a violent desire to close the gap between cars and machines. It is about hard, impenetrable surfaces and the latent desire to break them, to create a rugged, discarded edge—a scar—in a world paved with white lines.

Cronenberg has devoted his career to exploring results of the



A model posing for a fashion shoot
Babylon on the Riviera

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flesh. In *Slaves* (1975), his first commercial movie, warrent parasites turned people into sex-craved zombies. It was the first in a string of biological horror movies, from *Raid* (1978) to *The Fly* (1986), that dealt with grotesque mutations of the flesh. Cronenberg was morphing the human body long before computers did. Warped flesh became his hallmarksomic metaphor for the repressed libido, a ghoulishfantastic other.

Some of his films were specifically erotic, notably 1871's *Padres*, *And in Dead Ringers* (1988), *Naked Lunch* (1991) and *M. Butterfly* (1993), the director performed radical surgery on sexual identity. But with *Gross*, Cronenberg finally confronts cross-breeds. This time, nothing is a metaphor for sex; sex is a metaphor for everything else.

For a creature of such cold and twisted film, the 38-year-old director seems remarkably well-adjusted. He is a family man (Married to his second wife, Carolyn, for 18 years, he has three children, ages 20, 16, and 13) and despite his associations with violence and alcohol, he chews conscientiously, always with love, affection and loyalty from actors. "The first moment I met him it was like meeting the oldest friend in the world," says Spader. "He's enormously relaxed and laid-theared on the set." And Lyster, 26, the Vancouver-born actress who perturbs the film's most glib character, "one of the most elegant and graceful young men I've ever known. He's playful. He's genuine. There's a softness and he's not afraid. And he's not creepy."

Unger was accused in Cannes for her risky, overly intense performance. She recalls that when she first read Cranenberg's script, "it felt like a hand-cup." But it got under her skin, she says, "like something was seeping through my veins," until she began to appreciate its beauty. Spader, too, said he was afraid of the material at first. "But I was excited by that fear and by the provocation," he explains. "Eventually, the fear became the blood of the film." **A film**

Crismberg made it a priority to create a protected environment for his actors on the set. "When you're doing sex scenes, it's crucial," he says. He let the actors watch against replays of their takes on a TV monitor so they could see what they looked like. "That way, there would be no surprises," he adds. "It was a very sexy set, but it was sort of a safely set. It was, I suppose, meticulous in that sense." Much of the film was shot at night, just full on Tarantino's expressions. "Having the expressions shot down gives you a sense of spontaneity," he says. "The city is roars, literally. So for us, the whole city became produced."

Every director is, in some sense, a voyeur, according to Cruise here. "If you don't enjoy some element of voyeurism," he says, "then you're in the wrong business. Every day, the set was charged with sexuality, and there is a deliciousness in knowing it, in having a professional distance. Once when there isn't any sort of sexuality in front of the camera, a film set is a very sexually charged place. You're never surprised that strange people have fun. You're just as likely to want to have sex with the proper person as the leading lady. And one day, I saw you realize that those are things that should be embraced but not acted upon."

Crossi, of course, is not just about cars, but about cars, too. And Crossi has more than a passing affinity with the automobile: He owns a Ferrari, a Porsche, a Range Rover and an Audi, four race cars and five motorcycles. He has more than two more two whe-

losing his 1993 Cooper Formula One car to the track one Sunday. "Suddenly, I just didn't want to be there," he says. "I was later informed my family had nothing to do with this."

Cronenberg's accident has never been in a serious accident; that he was hit by a car driven by a priest once while driving on Bay Street in Toronto. His shoulder is scarred from crawling a motorcycle during a race. And he escaped unscathed after falling a few feet into a wall at Ontario's Mississauga track in the mid-1980s. After a Coast magazine in Los Angeles, "a guy came out yelling and waving his arm, which was in a cast," the director recalls, "he said, 'I like Cronenberg's films, but I think he's gone psycho with this one. I've been in a motorcycle accident and there was nothing any about it.' Well, I've been in a motorcycle accident, and frankly I think there was something about it."

Whether they live it or not, people are interested in road accidents, the director adds. "There is a car-crash esthetic. People are fascinated by what they look like when they're dominated by what happens to a body on impact. You could say it's ghastly, but then everybody's a ghastly. If you narrate that's one thing. And if you merely watch, that's another. Being on it is not the same."

Creek becomes more on the aftermath of cocaine than on the event. It suggests an aesthetic of nihilism, which Cronenberg compares to nihil-science fiction practiced by certain tribes. He also compares it to the painful rituals of bodybuilding: "I've worked out with weights a lot," he says. "And I used the bodybuilding shows on TV. Most people just see these bulging veins—like someone on a surgical table whose head has muscles exposed. But once you get into it, there's a beauty to it."

In *Cross*, Mangano describes his autoerotic obsession as "something we are all intimately involved in, the prototyping of the human body by modern technology." And bodybuilders engage in a similar experiment, said the director. "In terms of dieting, controlling what metals go into their body, it gets very arcane. These people are beyond human. No one has ever looked like that."

With his career, meanwhile, Crossenbery is building a unique body of work. He regularly turns down Hollywood offers to pursue his vision. Projects on his rejection list have includ-

of Top Gun, Beverly Hills Cop, The Firm, Storm, The Jester and the upcoming Alphas. Cranshaw's next project is another movie about cars, Tilted And Care, it is the story of a racing driver, and it sounds more accessible than Crash. But in the end, Cranshaw's noncommercial choices have paid unique dividends. "Toad Ringer" didn't make money, but it has been great for my career," he says.

The morning after the gala premiere of *Crash*, its stars and director—grumpy after a long night of parties, divvied into the post-house canteen at the Carlton Hotel to begin a day of interviews. A polished actress the sun and wonders which of the big yachties parked offshore belongs to her: “Have you been on a yacht yet?” she asks. I want to go on a yacht! “Stepping out onto the balcony, Kinsman/Arciniegas says, “I’m vexed out. I’m totally numb.” Crooner Rogers agrees about his helicopter to Monaco: the next day

While the Cannes jury argued over who should take home the festival's grand prize, the director would be watching another Grand Prix—the legendary car race. Once again, David Cronenberg's priorities are clear—and all his own. □



Granary, River, Garden: a string of biological horror movies

'A film set is a sexually charged place'

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Movie time on the Med

Stars, big-name directors and circus vulgarity define Cannes



Reynolds (left), takes a large exercise as anti-race exercises

For two weeks each year, they converge on a small, absurdly expensive resort town on the French Riviera. Stars, moguls, directors and actors. Legendary actresses and film stars arrive. And as they parade their wares, a pack of 4,000 journalists scribbles for the best view. The Cannes International Film Festival is the world's largest annual photo op. It's the place where the cameras flash, the megaphones blare, the cameras flash. The Cannes Film Festival is the place where the cameras flash. The Cannes Film Festival is the place where the cameras flash.

al strangers ripe open a poisonous family intrigue. A black optometrist tracks down her birth mother, a white factory worker who is terminally sad and spends her days sleeping off in cardboard boxes.

As secrets surrounding the disfigured birth come to light, a dysfunctional family comes poignantly unglued. With a heartrending performance from Brenda Blethyn as the twisted mother, British director Mike Leigh (*Naked*) keeps the movie subtly balanced on a knife-edge between pathos and comedy.

In *Remember the Wines*, by Danish director Lars von Trier, a violent accident on an all roads a romance between two newswomen into a perverse twist. Filmed in Scotland, the story is set in a remote coastal manor ruled by a patriarchal Christmas sect in the early 1970s. From his hospital bed, the paralytic husband orders his submissive (and mentally unstable) bride to sleep with other men for his benefit. It is an intensely compelling melodrama, featuring a spectacular performance by newcomer Emily Watson. Von Trier knows the raw material with cynicism, and no matter how well the superb acting by the largely unknowns is credible.

The British, in fact, kept cropping up in the strongest films at Cannes. Among the

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Among the 22 features in the festival's main competition, *Crash* was by no means the most popular but offered the most extreme expression of a rearing theme. One film after another presented characters on a tenuous balance course—and portrayed the human condition as an upry accident waiting to happen. It is as if *Crash*, with a sense of pre-millennial dread, had usurped the amygdala.

In one of the competition's best-received entries, *Secrets and Lies*, a sudden collision



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highlights outside the main competition was Michael Winterbottom's *Judy*, a stark and beautifully haunting adaptation of Thomas Hardy's 1895 novel *Jude the Obscure*. Starring Saoirse and Saoirse's Kate Winslet, it serves as a potent antidote to the more typically dreamlike 19th-century period dramas. It is, once again, a tale of literal consequence—a bleak tragedy that, in the millennial twilight, makes Hardy seem at least as modern as Jane Austen.

For something completely contemporary, it was hard to beat *Transcending*, a beautifully pristine drama about Scottish

guides hooked on heroin that makes *Phylo* look like a walk in the park. Taking the camera into the eye of the tormented director Danny Boyle (*Shadowlands*) makes Boyle's *Transcending* a surprising opus.

Meanwhile, three American actors made their directorial debuts. And, well, when *Al Pacino* showed up to unveil *Looking for Richard*, a captivating documentary about his obsessive attempt to film (and make sense of) Shakespeare's *Richard III*, *Angela Huston* showed up with *Richard*

Out of Caroline, a harrowing tale of child abuse, and Steve Buscemi connected an excavation of his small-town roots in the whimsical *Tree Lovers*.

Among the films from veteran directors, however, there were major disappointments. Robert Altman's *Kansas City*, a gangster concert set in the 1930s, gets lost in its own high-gloss reflection. It includes superb music sequences set to a black jazz club, but their authority only shows up in the overblown of the surrounding story. Even the impeccable Jennifer Jason Leigh, who plays a gun moll, a all-killer Stephen Frears, meanwhile, spins his wheels with *The Van*, the third installment of Irish author Roddy Doyle's *Barrytown* trilogy. Doyle should turn the franchise into a sitcom not be done with it.

Reinforced drew a mixed response with *Stocking Story*, a sophisticated but lacy case in nostalgia and mid-career reinvention. Blissing in Italy for the first time in 15 years, he spins the rhyming tale of a 19-year-old American (as Tyler) who goes to Tuscany to have her portrait painted, to solve the riddle of her parenthood, and to lose her virginity. No set photography, no landscape scenes, lovely that. But, *Stocking*—his camera roams everything in sight, literally soaking up the thighs of its young star. But, while *Stocking* watchable, *Stocking Story* goes only skin-deep.

Among the Canadian films, meanwhile, director Mary Harnois was a hit with her evocative feature debut, *I Shot Andy Warhol*. And two Canadian films premiered in noncompetitive categories: *Sex+Sol*, from Quebec director Pierre Guay, and *Leila*, by Toronto-based Sonia Kossina. *Leila*, an understated tale of a Vietnamese mail-order bride in Toronto, left many critics wondering how it got on the program, while *West Core Logo*, from Highway 61 director Bruce McDonald, had its light for attention in Cannes and the official program. A mock "documentary" in the *Squid* Zip movie (but with a writer's style), *West Core Logo* follows a fictional punk band on the road through Western Canada, the particularly upbeat edition in a trend. And although the movie could use some editing, it is what it is. *West Core Logo* proves work seemed to be driving towards the great Canadian rock 'n' roll movie.

Last week, McDonald out in a code where he had persuaded the writers to wear *West Core Logo* T-shirts. He had just finished attaching his movie posters to jello trees and slipping cards under windshield wipers, just as David Cronenberg did 20 years ago to promote *Shivers*. McDonald has not seemed an any real target. But he had some interest from market distributors, and in the final days of the festival, he was waiting for fans to take the bait—and hoping to secure a place at the table in the Cannes lending library.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON is in Cannes

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ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

What ABC did not tell its morning viewers

Our big neighbors have been taking their usual look at the nation. All last week, ABC's *Good Morning America*—the highest-rated breakfast show—traveled across Canada with the expected results.

There were shots every morning of cricket. *Cricket?* Gorda Howe, someone who emigrated to Michigan, Lance Hawthard was introduced as "premier"—as in a Hollywood opening—of Quebec, which may in fact be accurate. But it was "nearly" Jasper Pal, bears. Seal *Upper* *per*. All the usual fluff. *Good Morning America* could have tried harder.

1. Just one of the first 38 presidents of the United States set foot in Canada.

2. The southernmost part of Canada, Pelee Island in Ontario, is on the same latitude as northern California.

3. When Lester Pearson was invited to Texas by Lyndon Johnson, he was greeted at the airport by the president, who announced to the TV cameras how glad he was to greet "my close friend, Prime Minister Wilson"—confusing him with Britain's Harold Wilson. Back at the LBJ Ranch, when the evening newscasts came on the screen, the president was notified to witness his own mistake and apologized profusely. Pearson said, "Think nothing of it, Senator Goldwater."

4. As someone observed, John Kenneth Galbraith and Marshall McLuhan are the two most famous Canadians the United States has ever produced.

5. When John Kennedy visited Ottawa in 1961, John Diefenbaker—against the advice of White House staff—scheduled a two-planting ritual at Rideau Hall. JFK, wanting to show up his elderly boss, vigorously dug in his shovel, aggravated his surface injury to his back and had to return to a rushing chair in the White House for regular rest periods the remainder of his life.

6. Despite the myth about golfers and cowboys, more Crowsfoot—78 per cent—live in urban situations than do Americans.

7. An American president did not visit Canada until 1895, when Warren Harding on his way back from Alaska stopped off in Vancouver. He was suffering from a fever and his eager hosts, on a very hot summer day, had scheduled an exhausting itinerary including a golf game. He died on the way to San Francisco, without reaching Washington again.



8. In 1965, Lester Pearson was invited to visit Lyndon Johnson at his Camp David retreat. On the way, Pearson stopped at Temple University in Philadelphia to deliver a speech criticizing the growing American involvement in Vietnam. When he arrived at Camp David, a large UH-1 was headed toward him. He eagerly boarded Pearson for 30 minutes without stop and then the president of the United States—as horrified aides watched—grabbed the prime minister of Canada by the lapels and shouted, "You posed on my rug!"

9. After Pierre Trudeau visited Washington, one of President Ronald Reagan's top officials, Lawrence Hagberg, privately told journalists that the Canadian PM sounded like "he must have been smoking something pretty fancy."

10. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a vigorous, able-to-young-man who played tennis every summer on his family holdings on Campobello Island, off New Brunswick. After one exhausting day at tennis and beating, he fell in cold water, then helped to fight a forest fire, developed a fever and in the isolation without proper medical care developed polio and spent the rest of his life in a wheelchair, which was well-timed from public knowledge when he became president. He was 39 years of age at the time on Campobello.

11. John Diefenbaker and John Kennedy did not like one another. After one of their meetings, Dief claimed to have found a scrap of paper on which JFK had supposedly scribbled "s.o.b." beside the PM's name. Kennedy later told brother Bobby "I never thought he was a son of a bitch. I just thought he was a prick."

12. President Harry Truman, about to introduce Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, after several attempts at pronouncing his name, gave up.

13. William Lyon Mackenzie King, winning his chance to lead the Liberals and become prime minister, worked for the Rockefeller family in the United States and was involved in strike-breaking among miners there.

14. Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, exasperated over Ontario's delinquent during the Cuban missile crisis, said, "In an emergency, Canada will give you all aid short of help."

15. During their wartime friendship, King often noted TDR in Washington. The president sensed that he did not have a drinking companion in the prime minister and explained to King that the reason he drank was because of the polio pills that often became cold and in order to keep the blood circulating down there, his doctors had recommended vodka or cocktails.

16. In 1967, Lester Pearson invited Lyndon Johnson to the prime minister's summer home at Harrington Lake in the Galtres Hills. Still shaken by the Dallas assassination of Kennedy, the entire White House security force descended as the isolated retreat. One evening, Pearson started down the hill to his bathroom and was confronted by a large Washington guard who demanded, "Who are you and where are you going?" Pearson replied, "I'm the prime minister of Canada. I live here and I'm about to go and have a drink."

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